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Events of the Week.

SIR EDWARD GREY must clearly make a precious offering to the gods, for never, we suppose, has any British Minister, certainly any Foreign Minister, listened to such a choric harmony of praise as greeted him in the House of Commons on Thursday night.

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute."

Mr. Bonar Law declared that he spoke for the "whole nation," not merely for the Government; Sir Mark Sykes thanked him for the "magnificent" way in which he had preserved the peace of Europe and the dignity of his country; Mr. Sylvester Horne praised his management of the long and difficult struggle for reforms on the Congo; Mr. Ponsonby thought that his "calm persistence" and "transparent honesty," had given us the first place in European counsels, and asked him to work for the establishment of a permanent peace. Only two criticisms were suggested. Mr. Macdonald lamented the surrender of Adamovitch to Russia in Alexandria, and properly described it as an abuse of the capitulations,

a view which Sir Edward hardly contested, and Sir Mark Sykes lamented the British losses in trade and prestige, and the corresponding Russian gains, accruing from the Anglo-Russian Agreement in Persia.

SIR EDWARD GREY's reply, couched in terms of unpretending modesty, contained many important announcements, the most salient of which was his description of the Anglo-Turkish agreement over the Bagdad Railway as involving a "complete understanding" with Germany. He sketched the known features of the bargain, the withdrawal of British opposition to the line from Bagdad to Basra, the agreement that it should only go farther than Basra with our assent, the undertaking as to the differential rates, the clear and fair arrangement about the Persian Gulf. His next most significant statement concerned Asiatic Turkey. Turkey, he suggested, was anxious for "European assistance," and the Powers were willing to give it. There were two essentials of peace, sound finance and the fair administration of justice. This looks well (on paper) for Armenia, which wants the effective wardership of Europe, rather than autonomy or a too elaborate scheme of reforms.

THE Conference of the Concert has acted with energy to impose peace between Turkey and the League. It passed a resolution on Monday declaring that the terms of peace did not admit of modification, and must be signed as they stood. Sir Edward Grey communicated this to the delegates on Tuesday in an energetic address. He pointed out that the changes desired, primarily by Greece, were quite irrelevant to the conclusion of peace with Turkey, and could not fetter the action of the Powers, even if they were embodied in the Treaty. He, therefore, called on the belligerents to sign without delay and without modification. Further time must not be wasted in negotiation, and the Powers would not consent to discuss further changes. Unless the delegates would sign forthwith, there seemed to be no need for their further stay in London. Bulgaria, Turkey, and Montenegro at once announced their desire to sign. The Greek and Servian delegates hesitated, but have now received instructions from their Governments to sign.

By this decisive intervention Sir Edward Grey has ended the war with Turkey. There has been, indeed, some ominous talk in the Turkish press of resuming hostilities if the Allies showed fight among themselves, but it was apparently unofficial. A long step has also been taken towards preventing an internecine war. The Greeks and Servians aimed at delaying peace in order to keep the Bulgarians busied at Tchataldja. It is doubtful if this result has been achieved. With great secrecy the Bulgarian army has already changed its front, and is now concentrated in Eastern Macedonia. There are reports of three days' fighting between Greeks and Bulgars in the Panghaion hills between Serres and the Gulf of Orfano. The Greeks were heavily defeated and driven from their positions. Each side accuses the other of aggression. King Constantine and M. Venizelos have

gone to Salonica, and are meeting Bulgarian delegates there. It is to be hoped that some *modus vivendi* may be reached, and there is even a prospect of some definite settlement. Greece at first refused to negotiate without Serbia, but experience has evidently made her less eager to try conclusions with Bulgaria.

* * *

THE Servian dispute is much the graver of the two. M. Pasitch has made a full statement to Parliament, not specially provocative in tone, but very decided on the main point—that Serbia repudiates the Treaty of Alliance and Partition, including its provisions for Russian arbitration. The speech added nothing new to the Servian case, which is briefly that as Serbia cannot have as much of Albania as she hoped for, she now wants more of Macedonia, including the purely Bulgarian Monastir region. Less was said than we have heard lately about Bulgaria's alleged failure to join in the Macedonian campaign. The fact is, we believe, that the Treaty required her to send twenty-four battalions into Macedonia; she actually sent thirty-four. With these facts in mind, the Bulgarians, with their usual ability and firmness, insist on the publication of the Treaty, with its military annexes, while the Servians hold back. A meeting is about to take place on the frontier between the two Premiers. This speech is a very bad prelude, but Serbia has not yet taken the one step which would be fatal. She has not formally annexed Monastir. A leading article in the "Novoe Vremya" gives the first hint of Russian annoyance at Serbia's conduct.

* * *

THE Unionists have retained Altrincham division by a largely increased majority—1,262 votes, as compared with 119 in December, 1910. They have thus almost regained the position of 1900. The great feature of the poll was the growth of the Unionist strength, which has increased by 1,407 votes, against a less considerable growth of the Liberal numbers (264). The result was not unexpected. The elements in the Altrincham constituency are middle-class Manchester and Stockport men and clerks, and the proportion of outvoters is, of course, large. The "Daily Chronicle" indeed states that there are as many as 3,693 ownership votes on the register. Both parties agree that the election was fought almost entirely on the Insurance Act. The result increases the very considerable pressure not merely for an amendment of the Act (which Mr. Asquith has promised), but for a revision of its faulty administration. A report from Newmarket shows that many of the local officials were men who had no sympathy with it, and were in no way anxious to make it a success.

* * *

THE King's visit to Berlin has been a pleasant if uneventful incident in the relations of the two Courts and the two nations. It served to mark the historic significance of the marriage of Duke Ernst of Cumberland to the Kaiser's daughter, but it was clearly meant at the same time to further the process of national reconciliation. This intention was tactfully conveyed in the King's speech to the deputation from the British colony resident in Berlin, in which he said:—

"By fostering and maintaining kindly relations and a good understanding between yourselves and the people of this, your adopted home, you are helping to ensure the peace of the world, the preservation of which is my fervent desire, as it was the chief aim and object of my dear father's life."

The comments of the Berlin press were, to the end, cordial, hospitable, and, in a political sense, hopeful.

ON Sunday night, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a vigorous defence of the Insurance Act at a meeting at Sion Chapel, Criccieth. He opened with a touching sketch of the ravages of consumption, as he traced them among his own schoolfellows:—

"From the cottage amidst the trees consumption had dragged a promising boy to a cruel doom; and again, further on, more ruthless than an Egyptian plague, it had not been satisfied with stealing the first-born, but had left the inhabitants childless. He remembered what had happened in his own home, and looking to the east, west, north, and south, he saw everywhere dwellings—some humble, some ample—where this disease had found a tranquil home and had left it desolated. As he thought of these village tragedies the beauty of the landscape faded, the verdure withered, and he could see the grim monster still stalking defiantly through the glen challenging any power to save from his poisonous fangs the victims he had marked for destruction."

* * *

As to prevention, Mr. George expected great results from Section 60 of the Act, which prescribes systematic teaching of the laws of health. Sanatoria could not spring up in a night any more than the Temple sprang up out of the wilderness on the day when the tables of the law were proclaimed. But they would be built more quickly if their opponents filled the hods with bricks, instead of flinging them at the heads of the bricklayers. In two years there would be full provision not only for insured persons, but for dependents. There were seven and a half millions of new insurers. Time was as necessary for organising them as it would be to the Welsh Church if she were suddenly presented with three millions of new members as the result of a great religious revival. The crop was growing, and there would soon be a splendid harvest.

* * *

MR. BONAR LAW made a rattling speech on Tuesday to the members of the Unionist and Tariff Reform Association, to whom he prudently said little or nothing about tariff. He again accused the Government of breaking their pledges not to overload Parliament and to reform the Second Chamber. Neither had they the right to carry Home Rule without express electoral assent, especially under what was virtually a written constitution. He also said that Ulster's repudiation of the Bill would be backed to the last. The Government had placed themselves on a pedestal of virtue, but as George Meredith said, "the worst of being on a pedestal is that you are liable to fall off it."

* * *

THE struggle over the Three Years' Service Bill in France is reaching an intensity which recalls the days of the Dreyfus case. After forbidding the Socialist protest at Père La Chaise, the Government, attacked in the Chamber for suppressing free speech, permitted the meeting to be held elsewhere, and it is said to have rallied 150,000 demonstrators. There have been a few more incidents in the barracks, but their effect has been unlucky, since the Radicals, always a timid party, now fear to be tarred with the anti-patriotic brush. What threatens to be a general attack on the activity of the trade unions has begun with police raids on the Labor Exchanges, domiciliary visits, and seizures of documents. It is said, probably with some truth, that evidence has been found that the Syndicalists have been organising the military protests. In order to prepare for an assault on trade unionism, M. Poincaré has taken the surprising step of summoning M. Clemenceau, lately a personal enemy as well as a political opponent, to the Elysée. His recent record makes him a suitable tool for an anti-Socialist campaign.

WHETHER the intention is to make M. Clemenceau Premier or to incorporate him in the weak Barthou Cabinet is not yet clear. What is more interesting is that M. Poincaré disclosed to M. Clemenceau the real origin of the Three Years Bill. A more or less authorised account of the conversation has appeared without contradiction in "Gil Blas," and has been confirmed independently by the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian." When M. Poincaré visited Russia last summer he was told that the Germanophile party was growing and that Russia might be unable to maintain the alliance. Trouble was imminent in the Balkans, and there would be tension with Austria. A Balkan State (presumably Serbia) wished to join the Triple Entente, but hesitated because it doubted the power of France to cope with Germany. Russia, therefore, insisted on a return to the Three Years' System. It was, apparently, to realise this programme that M. Poincaré came forward as a candidate for the Presidency. Not German provocation but Russian insistence is the source of this fresh phase of military competition.

THE hotly disputed Canadian Navy Bill came before the Senate on Tuesday. Its fate depends in this nominated House on the Liberal majority which, during the long terms of office of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has reached a numerical superiority of twenty-three over the Conservatives. The challenge was promptly delivered by their leader, Sir George Ross, who moved to reject the Second Reading of the Bill "until it is submitted to the judgment of the country." In his speech he adhered to what was quite recently common ground to both parties. There might be a case for building seven millions' worth of Dreadnoughts, but the money should be found in the usual way by estimates, and the ships should be built, manned, and controlled by Canada. It was better to create a Canadian navy than to present the Empire with empty ships. He questioned whether this procedure was constitutional, and censored it as a reminiscence of the old days of Downing Street. There is little doubt that the Bill will be rejected, but instead of fighting on the naval issue, Mr. Borden will go to the country with a proposal to create an elective Senate.

THE Departmental Committee, appointed to examine the Jury system, has come to some important conclusions. There are majority and minority reports, though the whole Committee agree that juries ought to be drawn from a wider range of citizenship. As to special juries, the majority unite in thinking that the two classes of special and common should be maintained with some qualifications. But the minority propose to abolish the special jury and to base the jury lists on the Parliamentary register, summoning juries by a permanent official—not by a solicitor in private practice—and selecting them by some automatic system. These suggestions are, of course, the result of a strong body of evidence showing that the special jury system works with great and even crushing unfairness in political and trade union cases, i.e., against Liberals and labor men.

On the other main question, that of the absolute right to trial by jury, the whole Committee propose to retain it for criminal cases. For civil cases, the majority would retain it only where both parties agree, and in cases affecting personal character, when either party calls for it. In other actions the Master or Judge is to determine whether the case requires a jury, and, if so, a special or a common one. Two members of the Committee—Mr. English Harrison and Mr. Rupert Gwynne

—dissent from any limitation of the right to a jury in civil cases.

It is a very remarkable fact that of the thirteen Bishops appointed by the present Liberal Government every one of them, with the exception of Dr. Hicks of Lincoln, is at the present moment trying to destroy the Ministers who gave them their sees and their salaries. For a proof of this we have only to look at the manifesto they have recently issued in connection with the Church in Wales. When these ecclesiastics accepted their appointments from the Prime Minister, they knew perfectly well what his policy was and what the policy of the Liberal Party was in relation to the Church in Wales. It is a policy which has been before the country for years, and none of them could pretend that they were unaware of its purpose and character. Notwithstanding this knowledge, they accepted high preferment and valuable emoluments at the hands of the present Ministry.

THESE ecclesiastics have now the hardihood to turn round upon the Prime Minister who has made them what they are, and to accuse him, in set terms, of attempting to injure what they describe as "the cause of religion in our land." If these Bishops believe that the Prime Minister is engaged in the odious task of hurting the cause of religion in our land, why did they accept preferment from such a person? Why did they not say, when he offered it them, "Thy preferment perish with thee! It is an accursed thing when offered by your hands"? Or, if they now awake to the position in which they stand, why do they not, as honorable men, resign the positions and emoluments they now hold before proceeding to bite the hand that has honored and fed them?

HERE is a list of these right reverend gentlemen:—

Dr. Lang, Archbishop of York, £10,000 a year and a palace;
Dr. Ridgeway, Bishop of Chichester, £4,000 and a palace;
Dr. Pollock, Bishop of Norwich, £4,000 and a palace;
Dr. Burge, Bishop of Southwark, £3,000 and a palace;
Dr. Ridgeway, Bishop of Salisbury, £4,500 and a palace;
Dr. Straton, Bishop of Newcastle, £3,000 and a palace;
Dr. Drury, Bishop of Ripon, £4,000 and a palace;
Dr. Thompson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, £2,000 and a palace;
Dr. Russell Wakefield, Bishop of Birmingham, £3,000 and a palace;
Dr. Kempthorne, Bishop-Designate of Lichfield, £4,500 and a palace;
Dr. Burrows, Bishop of Truro, £3,000 and a palace.

On Wednesday, M. Bergson, the new President of the Society for Psychical Research, gave a fascinating lecture on the relations between psychical and physical inquiry. Premising that telepathy could not be explained away by statistics of coincidence, he went on to explain his theory of the use of the brain in thought. It was, he said, the organ not so much of thought or feeling as of attention to life. It drew the mind this way and that, veiling the past, and only allowing so much to penetrate as serves the present, while some things slipped through unasked. It "canalised" our perceptions, but on the banks of these channels lay a fringe of vaguer perceptions. He gave a half-ironical sketch of what might have happened if the great scientists of the past had devoted themselves to psychical instead of to physical research, and suggested that an entirely different mental structure might have arisen from that which our western civilisation has created and knows. But while we have been the busy Martha of thought, caring for the things of this world, the East has surely chosen Mary's part of looking after the mind to the neglect of matter.

Politics and Affairs.

THE POWER OF JOHN BRIGHT.*

"I have often compared, in my own mind, the people of England with the people of ancient Egypt, and the Foreign Office of this country with the temples of the Egyptians. We are told by those who pass up and down the Nile that on its banks are grand temples with stately statues and massive and lofty columns, statues each one of which would have appeared almost to have exhausted a quarry in its production. You have, further, vast chambers and gloomy passages; and some innermost recess, some holy of holies, in which, when you arrive at it, you find some loathsome reptile which a nation revered and revered, and bowed itself down to worship. In our Foreign Office we have no massive columns; we have no statues; but we have a mystery as profound; and in the innermost recesses of it we find some miserable intrigue, in defence of which your fleets are traversing every ocean, your armies are perishing in every clime, and the precious blood of our country's children is squandered as though it had no price."

It is a common and a false criticism of John Bright's career that it stood for dying or even lost causes in politics rather than for its living forces. John Bright is no more out of date than Isaiah, and for much the same reason; but many students of Mr. Trevelyan's life, admirable alike for its skill and its reserve, will rise from it with a firm conviction that but for John Bright there would have been no Liberal Party, and not much of modern England. It is unnecessary to contend that Bright was a man of first-rate genius for affairs. Gladstone was that, and Lincoln, and many inferior persons. Bright was something rarer and finer. To Gladstone, the engineer of modern Liberalism, he was the power of conscience and suggestion; to his party, he was the power of ideas; to his countrymen, at more than one crisis in their history, he was "the power of God unto salvation." Had the Crimean War been followed by a French and an American war, there could have been no rise in the standard of physical life for the people, and no peaceful enfranchisement of the workmen. The first crime was averted more by Cobden's and Gladstone's efforts than by Bright's; the second was rather his work than Cobden's, as a perusal of his letters to Sumner, read out at the meetings of Lincoln's Cabinet, suffices to show.

But Bright's essential political service was the destruction of what he called the "infatuated and imbecile party" of the Whigs, and the substitution for it of modern Liberalism. Of that structure he was at once designer and builder. The moment the Free Trade controversy was decided he turned to political reform. Cobden for once was not with him, for Cobden's fancy was for land reform, and, strangely enough, for packing the constituencies with fifty-shilling freeholders selected from the anti-Corn Law League. Mildly rebuking his friend for his "disbelief in political progress," Bright sketched in bold outline the measures of 1867 and 1885, restoring the ranks of the workmen broken by the failures of the Chartists, and raising the banner of pure democracy, never to be lowered again. As work for the new combination of middle-class men and manual workers, the counterpoise

and conqueror of the aristocracy he hated and the Church he despised, he furnished it with policies enough to last it through the second half of the Victorian age. He tried some paths—such as the repeal of the game laws—and was baffled. He threw out some fruitful notions, such as "decentralisation" for Indian Government, and the creation of presidencies in place of an Empire, to which a later generation of Liberal statesmen were to give shape. He twice foreshadowed, in half-a-dozen sentences, the form of the Parliament Act. He gave Gladstone his two guide-lines to Irish reform—the universal establishment of tenant right as the preliminary to the eviction of the landlords on terms that the State could bear, and the disestablishment of what he called Ireland's "one Church too much." Disraeli, by far the keenest contemporary observer of politics, saw that here resided at once the great formative and the great expulsive genius of his time, and would fain have made friends with him. But Disraeli could not walk straight, and Bright never walked in any other way. He never once deviated from the ground-plan of all his greatest public work, which was the creation of political democracy. "The nation in every country dwells in the cottage;" "The rich find everything just as they like. . . . If a class has failed, let us try the nation;" trust to "numbers," not to intellect, least of all to the scholarly intellect—these were his themes. His proud and noble oratory, scornful of statesmen, peers, priests, even of Parliaments, fired the people with fresh courage; his bold interventions in the fate of Governments and statesmen, his constant arraignment of them on grounds of morals, not of expediency, made them think of him as their representative man, his resolve to wreck parties, unless they adhered to principles ("I speak not the language of party; I feel myself above the level of party"), made, in effect, a new party, which was the unenfranchised millions. When that body had been marshalled, Bright's work was done. He was ignorant of some questions, wrong on others, notably on the relations of the State to industrial labor. But he was rarely wrong in direction. He saw whither the nation must go to win its freedom; and he had a voice to point the way, and to cheer the pilgrims along it.

The secret of Bright's influence with the great mass of his countrymen, whom he aroused to claim their share in the ruling of their land, was his gift of simple and direct speech. No greater power resides in man, when, as in Bright, it is governed by reason, and animated by passion, faith, and moral force. But Bright's grand merit as a public man was to regard statesmanship, not as a mere executive function, but as a means of guiding and stimulating the better mind and judgment of the nation. For the greater part of his days, and during the whole period of his creative activities, he stood outside the official world of Britain, sharing neither its illusions nor its rewards. His conception of duty, which he held with Cobden, seems, save for a handful of Socialist agitators and thinkers, to have utterly passed out of our public life. There is at this moment no one in youth or in the middle term of his years to stand between the living and the dead, to test Ministries by principles of

* "The Life of John Bright." By G. M. Trevelyan. (Constable.)

public conduct, and to maintain a body of doctrine by which they shall be made to stand or fall. There was nothing really commonplace in Bright's intelligence, but his use of it for the free criticism of public men and policies was an original and deeply salutary social office. His eye was stern and penetrating; his judgment firm to harshness. He has been called an optimist, but he disdained many of the ordinary views and tests of progress. He scoffed at a diplomacy which set up that "foul idol," "the balance of power," and tricked it out to cover "a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy." "Religious feeling," says Mr. Trevelyan, "in its simplest form, was the very basis of his life." But he loathed religiosity, and measuring the life of his times by his own stern idealism and simple faith, hardly thought the nation in Christian hands. "The working people of this country do not care any more for the dogmas of Christianity than the upper classes care for the practice of that religion." "It is not Bradlaugh's atheism which they hate, but his unconscious Christianity." A conservative in essential relationships, he could not allow the past to fetter him. "We are true ancients," he said; "we stand on the shoulders of our forefathers, and see further." Until the people and Parliament had control of foreign affairs, he declined to flatter them with the legend of their power in the State.

All these things, be it remembered, he thought and said with his hand on the engines of power, courted and feared by statesmen, but neither making nor breaking them for any end that could be called a personal one. "Bright reigns but does not govern," said the hostile "Saturday," with much truth. Nothing in this regard is more interesting than the obvious fascination which Disraeli felt for him. The two men met in middle life on a common ground of detachment from mere machine politics. Bright's journal for 1852 records, with grave and not unsympathetic irony, the confessions of the great adventurer, his freedom from all prejudice as to the lines of party government, his liking for association with genius, irrespective of feeling and conviction. He would have had Bright and Cobden join him in the great game of governing and dazzling England. Together they would get rid of the "old staggers" and the "red tapists." Bright laughed, and told him that, setting aside the immorality of such a combination, the constituencies would never stand it. "A man of genius and power," replied Disraeli, "may do anything with a large constituency." Time may, perhaps, record that a not dissimilar effort at a Government of Talents was made and frustrated at the Conference of 1910. To Disraeli such a plan seemed a natural epilogue of greatness. "We come here for Fame," he said. And with a genial pirate's welcome to an honest captain of men, he wished the Quaker statesman Godspeed as a Minister, "if," he added, "you see your own game in what is going to be done." There are few more instructive passages in our political history than the story of these conversations, and the moral contrast of the men who took part in them. For Disraeli's tender to Bright was by no means so fantastic as it appeared. What were the true lines of division between the mid-Victorian statesmen who

alternatively backed each others' fortunes and tripped each others' heels? They were small enough; for the nation was not in politics at all. It was Bright's work to bring it there. He thus opened to the impressionable but not original mind of Gladstone the career of a modern statesman. But the true deliverer was the Tribune, not the Senator—a man who never took first rank in a Cabinet, and never passed a great Bill.

It is interesting to lovers of mankind to discover how tender a character was hidden behind Bright's rather gruff reserve of bearing. His letter to his elder children describing their young brother's death is one of the most affecting in literature. After his moving words on the death of Cobden, he records in his journal: "I sat down sobbing with grief, and trembling with excitement and passionate sorrow." "Be merciful, Hawkins; be merciful," said Bright to the famous judge on hearing of his appointment to the Bench. He hated all sports but fishing, and then half-rejoiced in an empty basket, reprobated capital punishment, and interceded with the hard justice of his time to save more than one condemned criminal. With some sternness he bade Justin McCarthy, an Irishman and a Nationalist, then in charge of the "Morning Star," head off the hue and cry for the blood of the Manchester Fenians. He desired to see the anti-slavery struggle go through to its bitter end; but he stamped out of his countrymen's hearts one flame of passion and folly after another. To such a personality conventional praise or blame—and both can freely be applied to him—are of no relevance. Nature rarely made grander stuff; or fitted it better to the service of man.

H. W. M.

NO MORE WAR IN THE BALKANS!

WHEN the complicated history of the Balkan crisis comes to be written there are few incidents which will stand out in bolder relief than Sir Edward Grey's decisive action of Tuesday. Nothing in the record of the Ambassadors' conference suggests that this committee of experienced diplomatists has given proof of any remarkable professional skill. Its achievement has been something simpler and bolder. It has acted as the organ of European public opinion, and the influence which has raised it to this high level has been Sir Edward Grey's. First, by his speech on the question of Scutari, and now by his message to the Allies, he has given to the Conference a voice and a personality. It has been a rather unconventional voice, a singularly human personality, and it has expressed itself in terms almost studiously different from the usual dialect of Foreign Offices. The vigor of his intimation to the intriguing Allies was admirable, and the suggestion of disgust which he contrived to convey at their conduct was even better. Nothing could have recalled them so sharply to a sense that their behavior risked the loss of the last relics of any respect which is left for them in Europe as the curt invitation to leave London unless they are prepared to sign the Treaty. The sense of the message was fixed at the Conference, but its highly individual and characteristic form was, we imagine, Sir Edward Grey's own. This country which has acted the host to these unsatisfactory negotiators was

alone in a position to phrase the warning in that particular form. We make little doubt that the desired result has been achieved. Peace is at last as good as concluded with Turkey, and the two Allies who alone have made themselves conspicuous by their egoism have lost the advantage which they hoped to gain at the expense of Bulgaria. We are inclined to think that with the defeat of this Graeco-Servian intrigue, the risk of actual war between the Allies will have passed. It seemed safe to challenge Bulgarian resentment while her armies were detained in front of Tchataldja. Her rivals will act with more circumspection when they have to realise that she is free to retaliate.

It seemed, when this war began, that the Allies had themselves solved the Eastern question in so far as it is a European problem. The end of Turkish rule in these provinces was only half the gain on which we thought that we had to congratulate ourselves. Hardly less welcome was the prospect that the League would perpetuate itself in a Federation, and that the Balkan Peninsula would henceforth lead its own life, free in the future from any vicissitudes which might require the intervention of the Powers or employ their mutual jealousies. That hope is gone, and the future, one fears, will only too faithfully reproduce the past. So long as the States of the Peninsula are unable to unite among themselves, so long will they be for the Greater Powers the pawns in a game of high politics. It is indeed difficult to resist the impression that influences from beyond the Balkans have had a part in exaggerating the passions which arose naturally enough within the Peninsula. Of the two feuds which divide the Allies, one at least seemed preventable. It has been from the beginning a boast of Russian diplomacy that it brought about the Serbo-Bulgarian alliance. In some degree the boast is justified, and while it is true that nothing could have been achieved without Bulgarian leadership, it is also true that nothing could have been attempted without Russian goodwill. Russia was privy to the treaty of alliance, and on her was placed the delicate duty of arbitrating over the allocation of the one strip of territory which threatened then to become a cause of dissension. It is not easy to understand her passivity during the long months since Serbia's intention to disown her signature to this treaty was suspected, if not yet officially avowed. Russia all the while was acting as Serbia's champion in the diplomatic duel with Austria, and struggling to secure for her, first, an outlet on the Adriatic, and then a slice of Albanian territory round the town of Djakova. No Power plays the good fairy to a rather helpless little State without acquiring some degree of control over its actions. Russia in the end brought Montenegro to reason. It is hard to guess why she has failed to impose on Serbia some respect for the Treaty over which she is the recognised guardian. It is known that her Minister in Belgrade, M. Hartwig, has encouraged the Servians in their perfidious and extravagant claims. But it is never safe to assume that a Russian diplomatist speaks for anyone save himself, or the particular faction at Court which protects him. In this instance the peculiar Russian *laissez-aller* has gone too far, and lasted too long. If it continues, no

small share for the discredit of broken faith will fall on Russian shoulders. The problem is not one which calls for adroitness or finesse. A treaty is either broken or kept, and in this instance there is no room for compromise. If Russia were prepared to announce that Serbia need expect in the future neither help, nor countenance, nor protection, unless the Treaty be observed, there would be little doubt about the result.

The difficulty between the Bulgarians and the Greeks is in reality less serious, though it has led already to scandalous bloodshed. There is no question here of any breach of faith, and compromise is easy. Assuming that Bulgaria secures Monastir and that Italian reluctance to surrender the *Ægean* Islands is overcome, it should not be difficult to arrange a compromise. Salonica, if it cannot be an international city, ought clearly to go to Greece, but in that event Greece could well afford to lose districts like those round Castoria and Voden which are mainly Bulgarian, and Bulgaria, if she obtained these, need not grudge the loss of the territory between Salonica and the Gulf of Orfano, which is mainly Greek. The less violence this settlement imposes on the preferences and racial affinities of the population, the less temptation will there be in the future to further bickering. A settlement which leaves each nation counting its Alsaces and Lorraines, and following the fortunes of its lost brethren who are being slowly denationalised against their will, can hardly be permanent.

Too much of that is already inevitable. Bulgaria has acquired a considerable Greek population in Thrace. Serbia has a mainly Albanian population to deal with in the country which is already hers. The whole weight of European influence should be used to prevent the multiplication of such areas of discord. But partition, even if it can be made only roughly equitable, is, to our thinking, the best solution. While the power of Turkey was still unbroken, we all looked forward to the creation of an autonomous Macedonia. But to that half-way house there can be no return now. An autonomous Macedonia would gravitate as certainly to Bulgaria as did the province of Eastern Roumelia. But with an armed Serbia and Greece on its borders, the transition would hardly be peaceful. Partition is the only durable solution, and there can be no gain in attempting to delay it. The only question is whether the Allies are competent to solve their problem by negotiation among themselves, or whether the Conference should assume the duty of legislating for them. If the choice lies between two equally peaceful methods of settlement, there is everything to be said for refraining from interference. A settlement reached by good temper and mutual concession would be the best possible basis for the future relations of the Allies. But if the risk of another war is real, it would be criminal for Europe to shirk the task of intervention. A series of resolutions by the Conference which assigned Salonica to Greece, Monastir to Bulgaria, and Uskub to Serbia, would settle all the main issues, and the details of delimitation might then be left to expert commissions. A week will suffice to show the quality of Balkan statesmanship. It is not too soon to make it clear that Europe does not mean to tolerate another war.

FRANCE AS A RUSSIAN SATRAPY.

WHEN a nation becomes an ally, it has ceased to be independent. The truism needs no demonstration: one need only watch for its illustration in fact. The case which has come to public knowledge this week is curious and painful, but it is not surprising. The little group of super-patriots which is attempting in France to hurry a half-awakened democracy into the acceptance of three years' service is near the end of its resources. It commands in the Chamber a majority which would disappear without the votes of the anti-republican factions of the Right. It has provoked in the barracks among the young men whose return to civil life it is plotting to delay by a year, a series of bold, and, in some few battalions, general protests. It has raised Socialists and trade unionists to a fervor of opposition, which recalls the last period of the Dreyfus affair. It is driven, while the fate of its Bill is still doubtful, to engage in a campaign of repression against its adversaries which would be tyrannical if the Bill were already an Act. Arrests, perquisitions, domiciliary visits, seizures of documents, forbidden meetings, on the one hand, vast demonstrations, placards, and the singing of revolutionary songs on the other—these are the first stages of a struggle which will not be brief. At this critical moment, M. Poincaré, who has led the whole conspiracy from the Presidential chair, took the desperate resolve of inviting M. Clemenceau to join it. It was a strange inspiration which could turn in the hour of need to the man who had led the resistance to his own election. But it is not the personal aspect of this appeal which chiefly interests us. M. Poincaré was tempted to lay all the facts of the case before M. Clemenceau, and they promptly found their way into print. It appears that it is the Russian ally who has insisted on adding a third year to the servitude of the French conscript. The proposal was made last summer, some months before the outbreak of the Balkan War, when M. Poincaré, as Premier and Foreign Secretary, paid his visit to St. Petersburg. He went determined to give fresh reality to the alliance, which had been shaken by Russia's approach to Germany at Potsdam. The Russian mood was cold, and we have not forgotten how oddly the Russian semi-official statements denied what French publicists affirmed—that a naval convention had been concluded. We now know the reason for this coldness. Russia was dissatisfied with the military strength of France, and even talked of ending the alliance. Times were critical, and a trial of strength with Austria was imminent. It was necessary that France should prepare herself to balance the military strength of Germany. M. Poincaré went home pledged and convinced, and devoted himself to the task of imposing the Russian programme on France. He climbed into the presidential chair, a satrap of the Tsar, and the whole course of French politics has been governed since the visit to St. Petersburg by Russian exigencies.

This curious story fits aptly into the facts so far as they were known, and has been confirmed from independent sources by the well-informed Paris correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian." If we accept it as substantially true—and we see no reason to doubt it—it throws a flood of light on recent history. It shows

Russia in a familiar posture. Her strength comes from her notorious infidelity to her engagements. She skilfully balances herself on a fence between the two European groups, and extorts from her partners unlimited blackmail by her threats and feints to descend once for all on the other side. That has been the secret of her success in dealing with this country in Persia. It is evidently her formula also for handling the French. It is interesting to discover that she was privy to the imminence of the Balkan War, and intended to profit by it to pay off old scores against Austria. It is still more interesting to learn that it was not the German Army Bill which provoked the French reply. The decision to take the last possible step towards the maximum in armaments came from within the Triple Entente itself. We confess that when we read the official defences of the German Army Bill, we dismissed as a polite evasion the explanation which attributed it to the Balkan crisis. But there was hidden in that defence a whole chapter of secret history. The spring of all this recent arming was in fact Russian.

It will be interesting to watch the effects of this disclosure in France. It is one thing to be asked to give a year of your son's life for the defence of the Fatherland, or even to further its ambitions, and quite another to make the sacrifice when you realise that the exaction has been imposed by an allied autocrat to second the aims of an alien race. Nor will it be easier to assent when the strange course of domestic events is read again in the light of this foreign intervention. Frenchmen were already suspicious of the sudden well-organised campaign which overturned all their traditional habits, in order to secure "a strong man" as President. The Republic is always jealous of the strong man, and it will like him no better when it suspects that he has been from the first the tool of a foreign Power. A Napoleonic personality has its attractions, but a Vice-Tsar is not an institution that flatters national pride. When he uses his "strength" to repress the working-class protests against a Bill, not yet law, which was drafted in St. Petersburg, the glamor will be gone from all the loose talk about personality, responsibility, and patriotism. Whatever the fate of the Three Years Bill may be, one consequence can hardly be avoided. The Russian Alliance, always burdensome, never universally popular, above all, questionable in its benefits for French policy, will have entered on a new phase of criticism and scepticism. Pacifists have disliked it because it perpetuated the antagonism to Germany, and Chauvinists because it never seemed to bring nearer the dream of recovering the lost provinces. It is now revealed, not for the first time, as a menace to national independence.

Frenchmen are well able to draw their moral. For us the warning is only one degree less valuable. Our Foreign Office has shown throughout this Balkan crisis a welcome independence of Russian inspiration and pressure. Our case is not that of France. But for a second time in the history of this last phase of the armaments-madness, we are enabled, at the sick-bed of a neighbor, to watch the course of a disease which is not yet chronic or deep-seated among ourselves. The German debates reminded us of the part which the cosmopolitan trade in armaments plays in creating the demand for its own wares. The carefully documented series of

articles in the "Daily News" has usefully brought home this danger to our own shores. This French experience warns us what it is to be "embraced within the Continental system"; such risks are latent in the very idea of an alliance. It is in its conception a surrender of independence, and no ally has a right to take offence if its partner criticises the armaments which are the common property of the group. The further we move within the system, the more shall we find that the same pressure is used to increase our own military value, until it will seem as natural to our Imperialists to impose universal service in furtherance of a French purpose, as to-day it seems to French politicians to increase its rigors in order to back Russian policy in the Balkans. The new patriotism is, in fact, a cosmopolitanism deformed by partialities. It has lost the sense for the mother-country, and it has not gained the perception of a wider European civilisation.

EMPIRE IN FACT AND FANCY.

In a thoughtful and well-written paper on "The Ethics of Empire" in the current number of "The Round Table," we read: "There is but one way of promise. It is that the peoples of the Empire shall realise their national unity and draw from that ideal an inspiration to common endeavor in the fulfilment of the moral obligations which their membership of the Empire entails." The writer, in an eloquent plea for the fulfilment of these obligations, explains that neither trade relations nor defence are of the essence of the true Imperialism, which is concerned with securing such a union of freedom and law as will subserve the moral interests of all members of the Empire.

But is this what is actually meant or felt by those taking part in the celebration of Empire Day? Are their minds and endeavors primarily set upon this education of the moral personality of all members of our Empire by "a union of freedom and law"? Were Lord Roberts and his retinue of high personages filled with the glow of this moral vision when they were reviewing the boy scouts in Hyde Park? Were those the sentiments to which Lord Charles Beresford and the Colonial representatives appealed at the gathering in Queen's Hall? Not at all. Except to a few amiable dreamers, the actual movement towards a closer unity of the British Empire means the material bonds of trade and defence, a Zollverein and a Kriegverein, with a related growth of political federal institutions. The whole substance of Lord Charles Beresford's address lay in the plea for a Council of Imperial Defence, while Mr. Watt, the Prime Minister of Victoria, desired to see a "control" of trade and of migration, so as to keep both as much as possible within the Empire. No doubt many of the school addresses which were given all over the country contained notes of loftier appeal, but it would be idle to ignore the fact that Imperialism as a present practical policy means an endeavor to stampede the self-governing Dominions into a closer economic and fighting system. Now this policy all Liberals ought to regard with the gravest suspicion. It is bad in itself, and, could it be achieved, would injure the Empire as an instrument of human liberty. It is needless here to argue the economic folly

of all attempts by tariffs or other legislation to interfere with the free flow of trade, of capital, or of population. It is, of course, a legitimate source of satisfaction that an increasing proportion of our trade and our emigration lies within the Empire. But all agreements to encourage artificially these tendencies are economically wasteful and politically dangerous. Recent attempts to bring the Dominions into a closer political union for purposes of Imperial defence are fraught with even graver perils.

The present crisis in Canadian politics ought to be a convincing object-lesson. The late Liberal Government under Sir Wilfrid Laurier had evolved a policy of naval defence accommodated to the needs and sentiments of Canadian nationality. No sooner was that Government displaced, upon an entirely different issue, by a Conservative administration, than our Admiralty joins with this administration to rush an "emergency" naval scheme upon Canada, committing that country to a method of defence, a finance, and an instrument of foreign policy each of which is an abrupt reversal of historic tendencies. There neither is nor has been any such emergency as Mr. Churchill, in his communications with Mr. Borden, suggested, and we can feel no surprise that this interference with an issue of party politics should have aroused a deep resentment in Canada. The immediate effect of Mr. Churchill's attitude has been to plunge Canada into a bitter constitutional struggle by ranging the two Houses in different camps along the lines of party allegiance. This will not help imperial unity. Should Mr. Borden carry the day and enforce his naval policy, the indignation at the "emergency" tactics will continue to influence party politics in Canada, and will intensify the suspicion that Canadian interests are sacrificed to the demands of the predominant partner in the Empire. The genuine affection for and pride in the British connection will be greatly shaken and impaired.

But there is, to our mind, a graver peril in these schemes to move the self-governing Dominions to closer union, economic, defensive, or political. It would weaken, instead of strengthening, the likelihood of our fulfilling in any adequate sense the duty of extending liberty to the subject-races under our control. For the British Empire at present is not a fact; it is two facts, largely unrelated, politically and spiritually. The free Empire is not an Empire in any historic sense of that term. It is the grouping of five virtually independent nations under a single Crown. All the qualifications of such a statement are slight or potentially dangerous anomalies. On the other hand, the Empire proper, consisting of India and the various Crown Colonies and Protectorates, shading down to such obscure relations as those with Egypt and the Soudan, has no political connection whatever with four out of the five free nations. There are well-meaning Imperialists who desire, above all things, to induce the Dominions to come into a federal arrangement which will saddle them with their "proper" share of the government of this subject-empire. We hope they will never consent—at any rate until this country has carried her mission of liberty and equality a good deal further than she is disposed at present to carry it. For everyone familiar with the prevailing sentiments of

the people in each of our Dominions must be aware that any assumption by them of the white man's burden at the present time would be no help to the fulfilment of precisely those obligations which the writers of articles upon "ethics of empire" desiderate. Between the parts of our Empire which govern themselves and those which do not there is a great gulf fixed, so wide and deep, indeed, that it is literally true that "they which would pass from hence to you cannot."

Now this absolute and vehement negation of the first element of British liberty and imperial unity, the right to move freely from any one part of the Empire to any other, and to enjoy, wherever they may be, effective rights, destroys the possibility of realising the lofty ideals of "liberal" Imperialists. The white governments of our self-governing Dominions will not consent to treat the three hundred and sixty millions of colored British subjects on a basis of humanity and equal liberty. This policy of discrimination is sustained by the passionate feelings of the overwhelming majority of their peoples. So long as this is so, nothing but evil could come to the moral mission of the British Empire by enticing these Dominions into a share of the government of the subject-races. Such progress as we have made towards the extension of liberty and self-government in India and elsewhere would be gravely jeopardised by any admission to an Imperial Council of representatives of our self-governing Dominions. For if we allowed their exclusive sentiments to prevail in our imperial or our foreign policy we should stir more unrest in India and provoke an instant entanglement with our ally, Japan. If, on the other hand, we used our numerical predominance to extort from them a juster and humaner policy, we should snap the bonds of Empire, and each Dominion would either drift along a course of complete independence or would form a Pacific Confederacy under the hegemony of the United States. It is as yet little use talking about Empire as a basis of moral unity of purpose, for that unity of purpose has no real existence.

A London Diary.

I REMEMBER no act of foreign policy which has been received with more universal approbation than Sir Edward Grey's summons to the delegates of the Balkan States to sign the draft treaty or go. As far as I can perceive, not a single newspaper, Liberal or Tory, but approves it. Let us hope that Greece at least will have the wisdom to yield in the matter of peace with her powerful neighbor, as she has yielded in the signature of the treaty. She lost her cause here over her alliance with Turkey; she will lose it again at the moment when she sorely wants British help and sympathy in her struggle with Italy over the islands, and when the Powers arrive at the momentous question of the ownership of Salonica, which they alone can settle.

But if Greece yields, can Servia hold out, and if so why? Again, the suspicion arises of Russian support, *via* the usual underground communication maintained by M. Hartwig. Yet Russia certainly united in giving Sir

Edward Grey the mandate which he has so wisely and resolutely used, and if it were not that diplomatists of the Hartwig type sit down to the diplomatic game with the understanding that they play their own hand, and that if they win they are backed at Petersburg and if they lose they are disavowed, the situation would seem to be quite clear and simple. Nevertheless, I find a general belief in peace. For one thing, M. Isvolsky is believed to be no longer acting with M. Hartwig. For another, the Bulgarian and Servian Prime Ministers are to meet at the end of the week and try to find a solution, though the Pasitch speech and the threatening closure of the Servian railways are singularly crooked ways of approaching it. Both men are moderate and cautious; but, unfortunately, the Servian does not speak for Servia, only for the latest party shuffle.

I HEAR it suggested that a process of "shortening" is to be applied to the interim report of the Chairman of the Marconi Committee by members who think it too elaborate. I do not quite follow this hint, for if the "Times" is correct, as I fancy it is, in saying that the report takes the form of narrative, I do not see how a matter of such complication can be dealt with in a few paragraphs. The draft report will, of course, be published as it was offered, and there is an end of it. Nor, it is obvious, could Sir Albert Spicer, as a high-minded man, be a party to anything but a fair and complete statement of the whole case—first, of the scandalous libels that have been attached to it, and, secondly, of the character and weight of the evidence that was tendered him and his colleagues. I should have thought that by this time everybody had had enough of hints and half-statements, and would be only too glad to get a full and fair estimate of the facts, and I don't believe that the Liberal members of the Committee, or the Liberal Party either, can desire a tittle the less or the more. Every man of feeling and judgment with whom I have discussed this matter has but one general opinion about it, and if that opinion is set aside in two purely partisan documents, the country will look to an impartial account of the transaction from the man appointed to conduct the inquiry into it.

ON one point, I am told, there has been some development, and that is as to the relationship of credit and capital between the American and the English companies. If this should show that the association was closer than was at first imagined, and that there was a sustaining or a guaranteeing arrangement between the two bodies of a definite character and for a precise amount, such a disclosure could not be left out of account. If, on the other hand, the connection proved to be slighter, that again would be a vital matter. This is, I fancy, the crucial point of the inquiry.

EARLIER hopes of a short and uneventful Session seem to be waning. At one time, I believe, the calculations were for a fairly easy finish in the first week of August, or even towards the close of July. Some evilly inclined prophets are now pointing to the middle of September as the more probable date, but with firm management and a sustained backing in the lobbies the

Government, I imagine, should still be able to get through the essential items of their programme without an unreasonable stretching of the calendar. Apparently, they are contemplating a full-dress repetition of last year's second reading debates on the three Bills that come under the Parliament Act. I find among the rank and file of their supporters a pretty general opinion that such time as may be available for this purpose might be more usefully employed on what ought to be the much more practical function of the "suggestions" stage.

THERE are many factors making for a change in Cabinet offices; but there is one which is constant, that is the exceeding weakness of the Government in the House of Lords. It used to be a proposition of the days before the Parliament Act that the way to treat the House of Lords was to ignore it, and distribute the minor circle of offices without regard to its susceptibilities. If such a policy were possible then, it is not possible now, and some strengthening of the front bench in the Peers is probably inevitable. Two members of the Cabinet are said to be willing to go to the Upper House, if the Prime Minister desires it, and as both their seats are safe, there is no special reason for keeping them in the Commons any longer than they wish. Once or twice a "general post" has been on the point of execution—if that be the appropriate word—and there are some special reasons for delaying it no longer.

I SEE that Lord Roberts and Colonel Seely are to debate the question of forced military service before a meeting of the Eighty Club. I have not heard who is to champion the cause of voluntary service, but I suppose some knight will gallop into the lists in the nick of time to champion this forlorn Rebecca of our politics. Seriously, many Liberals regard this fantastic adventure with great surprise. Is not the principle of voluntary service established and unalterable, so far as Liberalism is concerned? If it is, why does the statesman responsible for maintaining it, and for governing the army in harmony with it, "debate" it with a soldier who is trying to destroy and replace it? What next will Ministers "debate"? Free Trade? And is not Parliament a fit enough medium for the disclosure and defence of their policies?

LORD AVEBURY was a gentle, and even charming personality; many-sided, and a survival of the all-round man of culture whom Victorian taste was disposed to favor. In pure politics he was one of the most timid and conservative of minds. He shrank away, not only from Home Rule, but from modern Liberalism, and from the very tentative and moderate advance of the Progressive Party on the London County Council, which he really abandoned when Lord Rosebery was still in full sympathy with it. Yet he was a true and a bold pioneer in social reform, and I am inclined to think that his scheme of public holidays and his battle for shorter hours in shops mark the most important measure of social betterment achieved in this country since the rounding off of the Factory Acts.

THERE is no truth in the rumor of the appointment of a member of the Ministry to the Governorship of Ceylon.

Who will not read with delight Bergson's wonderful address to the Psychical Research Society, surely, as Mr. Balfour said, the most interesting that body has ever listened to? My own interest was excited, because on the morning of reading it I had been puzzling over an event which precisely realised his description of the brain as the "organ of attention to life," and his suggestion that round the great normal "canalised" remembrances, resided a "fringe of vague perceptions," which one cannot connect with one's habitual life. The event was this. I had an old friend and colleague, with whom I have now no association, and to whom I have not written, I think, three letters in the last nine years. Last night his personality suddenly forced itself on my memory, and I could not disconnect it. It disturbed and puzzled me so much that I even turned over the pages of a well-known paper for which he writes, wondering what concern this imperative and capricious re-association might have for me, but without result. This morning I had a letter from him.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE ART OF ADVERTISING.

It must be a grand thing to be a psychologist, especially in America. For there is no field of practical endeavor into which you do not feel yourself competent to enter and to give authoritative advice to the specialists laboring there. You teach the teacher how to teach, and the preacher how to preach, instruct the physician in the bedside manner, and the lawyer in the art of advocacy and of cross-examination. In journalism and politics you claim an easy supremacy, for the manipulation of spoken or printed words in skilled suggestion is your special sphere. The amazing thought occurs, how the world could possibly have gone on so long without you. For the great master of this art, Professor Münsterberg, assures us in his latest work ("Psychology and Industrial Efficiency." [Constable.]) that all these "systematic efforts to apply the experimental results of psychology" are a matter of the last ten years. It has for some time been evident that the ordinary walks of industry and commerce were not destined to escape the reforming zeal of the psychologist. For some years in America in the business colleges he has been trying to instil the supreme importance of "economic psycho-technics." It will not be long, we are assured, before every intelligent manufacturer or merchant will have to employ a psychologist to overhaul the mental efficiency of his establishment, as he now employs a skilled accountant, a chemist, and an engineer to overhaul its finance and its technical efficiency.

There is, first of all, the question of getting the right man into the right place. How can this be properly done without laboratory research so as to test the "vocational values" of all possible applicants for a post? The loose evidence of diplomas or certificates of character is as feeble a security for the employer against incompetence as the uninformed taste or curiosity of the aspirant to any profession or other occupation is for his ultimate success in the path which he selects. It is no use for the confectioner to say, "Boys in this industry must be clean, quick, and strong," unless these qualities have been tested according to reliable standards. So it is idle

to advertise for a stenographer "possessed of intelligence, good judgment, and common sense; must have good eyesight, good hearing, and a good memory," unless the psychologist has applied scientific measurements to the muscular and nervous reactions which furnish true indications of the possession of these qualities. Yet this "vocational guidance" only forms a small part of the services which the psychologist claims to afford to business. The intimate and all-important question, a separate one for every person and for every process, how can this worker do this sort of job most quickly, accurately, or otherwise efficiently, can only be answered by the application of personal tests, based upon skilled laboratory methods.

The psychologist claims that the errors from wrong ways of working, or from imposing the same way of working upon persons of different capacities, are responsible for enormous business wastes. Business men will probably be disposed to question this claim and to insist that their more or less empirical ways are justified by results. But there is one department of business to which it certainly appears as if experimental psychology might contribute a great deal. That is the art of advertising. Enormous sums are spent upon this branch of business, which is entirely speculative and depends for its return upon the obscure mental processes of a largely unknown public. All the ordinary forces familiar to the thoughtful advertiser—attention, suggestion, sensation, curiosity, repetition—are definitely psychical. The material means employed are almost wholly visual. It is here, then, that we can best test the claims of the scientific psychologist. A good advertisement must secure the attention of the ordinary spectator, it must make an impression which stays in his memory, that impression must be favorably suggestive, evoking a sense of want for the particular article in question, distinct enough and strong enough to lead to the desired act of purchase. Upon what may be termed the external conditions of suggestion, Professor Münsterberg makes a fair case for the use of psychological experiments. If a number of advertising experts were examined as to the relative worth of one full-page advertisement and two half-page advertisements, or upon the best intervals at which to insert a regular advertisement in a daily or weekly medium, or even the relative importance of different types or positions, wide divergences of opinion would certainly be found. And yet it ought to be possible to put the attention and memory-value of these different forms of advertising to practical tests which should yield inductively laws of valid application.

Professor Münsterberg describes some such experiments in which these tests were applied with results that are at least interesting. Here is one conducted in the Harvard laboratory. "Sixty sheets of Bristol board in folio size were covered with advertisements which were cut from magazines of the size of the 'Saturday Evening Post' and the 'Ladies' Home Journal.' We used advertisements ranging from full-page to twelfth-page in size. Every one of the six full-page advertisements which we used occurred only once, each of the twelve half-page advertisements was given two times, each of the fourth-page size four times, each of the eighth-page size eight times, and each of the twelfth-page size twelve times." Other conditions were applied so as to equalise the chances of the advertisements for every other test than that of size and frequency. "Thirty persons took part in the experiment. Each one had to devote himself to the sixty pages in such a way that every page was looked at for exactly twenty seconds. Between each two pages was a pause of three seconds, sufficient to allow one sheet to be laid aside and the next to be grasped. In twenty-three minutes the whole series had been gone through, and immediately after that everyone had to write down what he remembered, both the names of the firms and the article announced." The results showed the largest memory-value for the fourth-page advertisement repeated four times, the twelfth-page advertisement repeated twelve times coming next in value, the eighth-page repeated eight times coming third, the full-page and the

half-page taking respectively the fourth and the fifth places.

But interesting as such experiments are, it is hardly to be expected that very accurate results can be got. For even in the case described, many of the advertisements must have had a greater or less familiarity beforehand, which would, to some unknown extent, invalidate the test. Such a difficulty might perhaps be overcome by substituting for advertisements purely meaningless expressions for the memory test. This is done in one of the experiments recorded by Professor Münsterberg, by means of which a comparative scale of values for the different parts of an advertising page is established. "The economic world spends millions a year for advertisements in the upper right-hand side, and millions for advertisements in the lower left-hand side, and is not aware that one represents twice the value of the other."

It would be interesting to learn how far these scientific results are corroborated by the skill and experience of practical advertisers. It would certainly seem reasonable that the external conditions of advertising could be put upon a basis of applied psychology. But this, after all, covers a very small part of the art of advertising. Even as regards the space and time factors, a great number of other material considerations would temper the worth of Dr. Münsterberg's tests. Because four quarter-page advertisements turn out to be the most profitable for goods in general, it does not follow that they will be best for any particular class of goods. Probably for advertising a solid book in a list of solid books quite a different economy would be better. Why? Because such a mode of advertising will assume that most of the likely buyers will be looking carefully for such books. Such a qualification, however, is only one among many others equally intricate. Each class and grade of goods will have a different space and time economy for advertising, and different for different countries, seasons, and classes of the public. The attention of old and of new customers must be secured by different quantitative and qualitative appeals. The size, shapes, and time intervals will have various values for various grades of income, intelligence, education, and leisure in the customers who are sought.

Still less will it be possible to apply general laws derived from laboratory experiments to the more subtle and important internal conditions of advertisement, the intellectual and emotional contents. The beauty of color and of line in our better mural advertisements, the use of the witty and grotesque in picture or in letterpress, of the violent and the eccentric in sky-signs, the adjectival skill of the wine-list, or the blend of menace and encouragement in the drug advertisement, the literary subtleties employed to recommend the various foods and clothing and the countless novel luxuries of modern life to a greedy and credulous public—these arts of the tempter have grown to extravagant proportions in late years. Psychology can sometimes explain how the effects of certain advertisements are got. But we doubt its ability to give much positive instruction or to supply initiative to advertisers. No economic psychotechnics would have evolved one of the simplest and most "suggestive" of all advertisements, "Good morning! Have you used—?—(we need not complete the quotation); or have realised the "utility" of opening the advertisement of a brand of whisky with the question, "What will you take?" These achievements belong to the genius of the creative artist, who realises that in playing on the simplest and commonest forms of human address he is giving his article the strongest possible association with the mental habits of millions. Psychology can at best but confirm his art. Dr. Münsterberg will never turn out of his laboratory students who can safely be entrusted to take a tea that is no better than any other tea, or a pill composed of the same ingredients as a dozen other pills, and persuade millions of readers in various countries to insist on paying for this tea or this pill prices which yield vast fortunes to their proprietors, and enable them to spend hundreds of thousands a year in this campaign of suggestion. The scientific psychologist, confronted with the

individual, intricate, and ever-shifting conditions of such markets, will remain as impotent as any other scientist who thinks to impose exact or even tolerably reliable laws upon any of the arts of human conduct.

A VIRTUOUS TREACHERY.

WHEN a war is over, it is strange to discover what the enemy was doing and thinking behind the fog. While the fighting went on, we heard rumors and saw glimpses of them. Sometimes we watched them far away moving with a purpose that we had to guess. Sometimes we came within killing distance, and men on both sides were killed. But to most people the hostile troops take rather an abstract form. They are "the enemy." They seem like a dimly discerned force of Nature rather than a collection of ordinary men, and it is one of the most difficult things to imagine that in all probability they are as hungry, uncomfortable, apprehensive, ignorant, uncertain, and blindly enveloped in fog as ourselves.

After the war, we read their newspapers and books. All their perplexities and mistakes are then revealed, and so are many of our own. We find that the values of events are entirely altered, and the history looks so different that the events themselves can hardly be identified. The description of places, the numbers of the troops, the tactics of an engagement—nothing seems to agree with the notion we had formed either from the despatches of our generals or from our own observation. All looks as false and unreal as an Academy picture of war. But the strangest of all discoveries is to find that the enemy was no abstract force of Nature, let loose to destroy us or to be overcome. The enemy was a lot of men almost exactly like ourselves, and like us they had troubles with their transport, they had days of starvation, moments of needless panic, periods of mistaken confidence, and all manner of crazy illusions about an imaginary abstract force which they called the enemy.

Plenty of books upon the recent war would serve as examples. With what intense interest, for instance, a Bulgarian who fought at Lule Burgas would now read Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's book, "With the Turks in Thrace"! Or, to go back ten years, many who served on the British side during the Boer War (strangest of historic campaigns) remember their excitement in reading De Wet's account of the "Three Years' War." And now we have just come upon another of "the enemy's" books, possessing a very different, but almost equal, interest. The English title is "The Petticoat Commando" ("Die Kappie Kommando," in Dutch—i.e., "The Sunbonnet Battalion"). It is written by Mrs. Johanna Brandt, and we may obviously identify her with the "Hansie" van Warmelo whose diary forms the basis of the book (Mills & Boon).

At the time of the war, she was an unmarried girl living with her mother in Pretoria, while her brothers were out with the best fighting Burghers on the veldt, until one at least of them was made prisoner and sent to some tropical island. The book's title is misleading, for "Hansie" herself did not ride and fight with the wandering Commandos, as many Boer women did, looking after the food and other needs of the men, and sometimes standing with rifles at their side, where the English found their bodies. Except for a few weeks' service as nurse among the dying women and children in the Irene Concentration Camp, only a short ride from Pretoria, "Hansie" stayed at home until the very eve of the detested peace. Then even her unfailing spirit failed, and she got away to Holland, where she afterwards married. She is now living with her husband and children in Johannesburg, and one of the strange things about the book is that an Introduction has been written by Mr. Patrick Duncan, whose good sense and integrity made him so excellent a Treasurer to the Transvaal under the British administration, even before the war was over. That is the result of Campbell-Bannerman's wisdom—another proof that with justice, freedom, and equal rights, the most deadly breach in a State may be closed.

But the special interest of the diary, so carefully kept during those months of peril, lies in the revelation of

what was secretly going on in the very midst of the garrison of occupation. The van Warmelo property, called "Harmony," with large house and beautiful gardens, stands in the very midst of Sunnyside, Pretoria's most fashionable district, and the natural site of legations, head-quarters, Staff residences, and stations of Military Police. For the two years after our entrance into the capital, "Harmony" was closely surrounded by British officers, guards, police, various Staffs, and soldiers of the Line. How many of those whose duties took them to Pretoria in those months must have envied that quiet house with cool gardens full of fruit, and have admired the dignified lady and beautiful girl who were living there! To be sure, they were Boers; naturally, they loved their country; they made no secret of their patriotism. But, then, they were so charming; they spoke such perfect English; they were so obviously "ladies," and so generous to the "Tommies"; the girl cycled about so freely; she was so well received at the Governor's house; and it was so refreshing after months on the veldt to see anything so lovely. No; the British officer could not imagine that enmity lay very deep in such a form; that mere Boer women could long resist the charm of his politeness and condescension (which are considerable); or that the silent house among these shady eucalyptus trees was in reality a more dangerous position than the enemy ever took up on Diamond Hill or the Magaliesberg.

The diarist tells how that house became the centre of communication with her people outside the wire-entanglements drawn round the city; how the Boer spies used to glide in from the veldt, shelter there, and then pass out again, carrying knowledge, letters, stores, cartridges, dynamite, and all manner of useful little things. Here is, for instance, a list of what one man carried safely away:—

"Two pairs of trousers; two shirts; two full Mauser bandoliers over his shoulders and crossed over his chest; a woollen jersey; a thick coat; a long Mauser gun thrust into one trouser-leg; a German revolver; his own revolver, and a bag of about two feet in length containing Mauser ammunition, which had been buried by Mrs. Botha, and was now going to the front; boots, soap, washing soda, cotton, and a number of other small articles, which had been ordered by the women on commando."

It was Adolph Krause who took that little cargo out—a slim man suddenly grown stout. Later on, he was betrayed, and was shot in the Pretoria gaol. And that brings us to a question of more permanent interest than "Hansie's" gallantry and clever ruses, by which on one occasion many yards of dynamite fuse were passed through as the trimming of a huge Parisian hat! It brings us to the question of treachery.

The book gives instances of three kinds of action which would usually be called treacherous. Far the worst and commonest was the treachery of the "National Scouts"—a set of miserable Boers who, by the device of a Natal Colonial, were induced for pay and safety to violate the loyalty of race, to disregard their oath of neutrality upon surrender, and to take arms against their own people. "Judas-Boers" they were called, and it would have been well for their peace of conscience if, like Judas, they had hanged themselves quick. It is to them that the diarist attributes the final collapse of the Boer resistance:—

"They broke our strength," she writes. "Not by their skill in the use of arms, not by their knowledge of our country and our methods. No! They broke our strength by breaking our ideals, by crushing our enthusiasm, by robbing us of our inspiration, our faith, our hope."

Passing them with hardly a look at the pit where they lie beside Judas, she gives us now and again a glimpse of other pitiable creatures who, to save their lives, turned "King's evidence," and surrendered their friends to exile, prison, or death. One of them betrayed eighty people. Another betrayed the five leaders of the Secret Committee. He was a boy; his death sentence was read to him one night; early next morning he was to be shot; his father, sister, and lover came and waited to him at dawn; and he yielded. "Ah, if he had been executed that day," cries the diarist, "how his memory would have been revered by his friends and respected by

his foes!" Let us leave it at that. None of us has ever suffered as that boy. Under such anguish, no mortal can be absolutely certain what he might do. In Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife" we see Madge Thomas betraying her people under less temptation, and she is not violently condemned. We can only hope, unsurely and uncertainly, that if the awful moment came, we should belong to the nobler, and we believe the commoner, type like the Boer women who, from the deadly Concentration Camps, implored their men to fight to the bitter end—"not to surrender on their account, but to let them die in captivity sooner than yield for the sake of them and their children."

"Hansie" herself was no traitor, and never turned King's evidence. She would have been hanged or shot without hesitation rather than betray the meanest of her people by word or deed. And yet, many would call her own conduct treacherous. The British authorities treated her with peculiar consideration. General Sir John Maxwell, the Military Governor of Pretoria, evidently liked her, and for a long time trusted her implicitly. Her grateful account of him is only not flattering because it is so true. She speaks of his humanity and nobility of character. When the horrors of the Concentration Camps began to be known, she describes him pacing up and down his office, his brow drawn with care, and every movement betraying his distress:—

"Mutual respect," she writes, "and a sincere desire to alleviate the suffering caused by the war, formed the basis of a somewhat incongruous friendship between the high British official and the Republican girl."

He gave her permits, passed her letters unread, passed the luggage she took to her captured brother, accepted her report on Irene Camp, and proposed she should make a tour of all the Camps, though someone, probably Lord Milner, prevented that. He was so just and kindly that by degrees she felt compelled to cease calling on him:—

"Oh, mother," she cried, after one of her visits; "the English must not be so good to us! It is not right to accept favors at their hands, for it places us in a false position. Don't ever ask me to go to General Maxwell again."

And yet, once when he was warning her of the dangers on her proposed tour, especially from charges of dynamite placed under the train, she was sitting in his office with a pound of dynamite in her hand! The whole book proves that she was an open-hearted, fair-minded girl, equally frank and courageous by nature, and in ordinary life detesting all forms of trickery or deception. Yet love of country and the passion for freedom entirely altered her standards and sanctions of conduct. She could with difficulty bring herself to deceive General Maxwell, but that was only because he was an exceptionally honorable and sympathetic man. Had he acted the overbearing and brutal official, she would have beguiled and deceived him, not only without a qualm, but with the greatest exultation. Under the stress of such passions the accepted conventions of honor, the rules of "playing the game," and even the habit of good manners (that last infirmity of gentle mind), must always go for nothing. Nor can anyone impute blame, for the greater passion obliterates the less, or makes it seem a silly obstacle.

ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBASSADORS.

OVER two hundred years ago a French diplomatist, M. Louis Rousseau de Chamoy, wrote a treatise on his profession which he entitled "L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur"; and it is interesting to be reminded by this brochure, which has only just come to light, how little the problems of conduct and hospitality and bearing which beset Ambassadors to-day have altered since the seventeenth century, and how static are the qualities which go to make a successful diplomatist. M. de Chamoy discusses the advantages and drawbacks of a lavish expenditure and an imposing presence, and the pros and cons. of having "une ambassade" by one's side, much as an Ambassador of to-day might be conceived as resolving

such questions; and the main conclusion he comes to is that, after all, it is brains and personality that count. It would be, perhaps, a little cruel to apply that test to the service at large, and there may even be posts where it would not apply at all, and where a decorous stupidity would be as useful as any other qualification. But in at least two offices—the British Embassy at Washington and the American Embassy in London—brains and personality are not only desirable but absolutely essential; and it is a suggestive coincidence that both these appointments should have fallen vacant almost simultaneously, and that each should have been filled by the obviously right man. Two happier selections could hardly be conceived than those which last month sent Sir Cecil Spring-Rice to Washington and a few days ago brought Mr. Walter H. Page to London.

Friendship between Great Britain and the United States may be taken as the settled policy of both countries, and it would probably be beyond the power of even the most maladroit British representative in Washington, and certainly impossible for any American Ambassador in London, to deflect the general current of Anglo-American relations. But the accredited emissaries of both countries may do something to retard, and may also do a great deal to strengthen and forward, that mutual recognition by the two peoples of all that they have in common, which is the surest basis of political sympathy. This is particularly true of the British Ambassador to the United States. His opportunities for going wrong and creating friction and bringing about one of those "personal incidents" on which the American press delights to batten, are almost endless. So, too, are his opportunities for acting as interpreter of the best that there is in Great Britain to the intelligence of America. It is quite a mistake to imagine that Sir Cecil Spring-Rice had entered upon either an easy or an uninfluential office. The conditions impose on him an unusual degree of wariness. For one thing, he has to carry on his work in a glare of publicity that in Europe is not only unknown but unimaginable. For another, there is always a party in the United States anxious to score a point against Great Britain, and there are always votes to be won—though not many, happily, in these days—by an anti-British campaign. Our Ambassador, therefore, has need of all his tact, level-headedness, and discrimination. He must be ever ready to make allowances; he must constantly remember that America is the exception; he must know what to discount; above all, he must have the instinct for taking Americans in the right way.

"A wife may be of the greatest assistance to an Ambassador," is one of M. de Chamoy's somewhat indefinite contributions to the problem of diplomacy. In Washington, certainly, it is all but impossible to dissociate the British Ambassador's wife from her husband's failure or success. The prestige of the British Embassy may often, indeed, depend more on her social flexibility than on his official merits. There are probably very few Englishwomen who are really happy or popular in the United States, or can help being jarred—and, what is worse, showing that they are jarred—by the thousand and one little differences between English and American social standards and ways of doing things. The wife of a British Ambassador has to accommodate herself to a social environment that is all the more difficult to gauge because of its similarity in general outline to what she is used to at home or in the capitals of Europe, and its dissimilarity in detail. She has to master the art of accepting persons and things as they come without comment or surprise, and of recognising that what might be counted easygoingness or curiosity in London may in Washington be merely a novel token of friendliness and interest. She has to bear in mind that in matters of social usage the English and Americans, while aiming at the same mark and meaning essentially the same thing, often behave and express themselves in opposite senses. Not every British Ambassador at Washington has had a wife who possessed these qualities of perception; and more than one hostess at the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue has passed her time, like Lady Barberina in Mr. Henry James's incomparable tale, in a state of hopeless alienation from, and misunderstanding of, her new surroundings. When this is the case, the result is

apt to be disastrous, because Washington resembles nothing so much as a whispering-gallery, its society is small, exceedingly intimate, and enjoys a highly specialised code of etiquette that is all its own, and a mistake, especially a mistake on the part of the British Ambassador's wife, becomes public property at once.

It ought to be written up over every mantelpiece in the Foreign Office that the type of man to represent Great Britain in the United States is the type of man who for a generation or more has represented the United States in Great Britain. Washington is the last city in the world where an Ambassador of the reserved and angular species, all stiffness and conventions, can make any headway. So far indisputably the best representative that this or any other country has sent to America was Mr. Bryce. He possessed, of course, many advantages that none of his successors is ever likely to command. But at bottom, the real reason why he achieved so remarkable a triumph was that in his instincts and his interests he was as far removed as could be from the ordinary professional diplomatist, and approximated very closely to the sort of men that the United States has been accustomed to send to London. From Adams down to Mr. Walter Page, whose advent it is a pleasure to welcome, all the American Ambassadors have been men of distinction, cultivation, literary aptitude, and wide democratic sympathies. They have done as Mr. Page will doubtless do: they have gone everywhere and met everyone; they have delivered addresses at meetings and universities and before philosophical and literary societies; they have made themselves an intimate part of the public life of the country to which they were accredited; they have been as emphatically Ambassadors to the people as to the Court or Whitehall or the West End. A great and unique tradition has thus gathered about the American Embassy in London. Mr. Bryce in his seven years of service laid the foundations of a not dissimilar prestige at Washington; and, invaluable assisted by Mrs. Bryce, the British Embassy became in his hands what the American Embassy in London was in the hands of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hay and Mr. Choate. Mr. Page in London is certain to prove a reversion to the type of scholar-diplomat that, before the coming of the millionaires, was America's distinctive and most agreeable contribution to international intercourse.

Short Studies.

REASSURANCE.

For many years now Miss Frith had been spoken of by her family and friends as "wonderful." She was far, far on in the 'seventies, but stately, strong, with no deafness, blindness, lameness—no mark of time to distress or alarm, though marks were not absent from her face and form, for she was of the type that scorns an aped youthfulness. But the tall, dignified figure had kept its lines, was neither shrivelled nor flaccid; the skin, despite the wrinkles, had a beautiful delicacy of surface, the eyes were clear, the lips firm. She was proud of it all, in the gentle, deprecating fashion which was a family trait. All the Friths had a peculiar gentleness of tone and look that only their vitality and humor kept from degenerating into mildness; sometimes now, indeed, Miss Frith was mild, and the times were becoming more frequent. But to any who presumed on this growing timidity, retribution quickly came. There had been a tribe of distant cousins (not of "the name") who had foisted themselves on her, coming to stay when they chose, and as long as they chose. For some years she had suffered it; the infliction was great, but no personal offence was given, and she had always very keenly desired to be "kind." Though the difference these visits made to her comfort and rest was hardly to be calculated—for she habitually did much more in the house than she ought to have done, or was at all desired to do by her servants—she had accepted them always, and with unfailing cordiality,

Then came the predestined day on which the spiritual intrusion followed the material one—the day on which a question was asked, an arrangement made, unmistakable in its implication that she "was getting too old to notice." The tribe then knew rebuke as never had they known it before. The large eyes flashed, the soft voice rang—they had gone too far, and that was a bourne whence no traveller returned.

But when they were gone to come no more, she was aware of a curious dread. They had helped her to keep off something . . . What was it? What could it be? She was well; the tall figure, bending now a little from the waist, was active from its old early hour—earlier than the servants': there was a legend in the family (never suspected by her) that she took in "early tea" to her domestics. About and about the house she would move, dusting, cooking, washing the old china. When the crisis with the cousins came, it was almost jam-making time; she was thinking about getting her fruit. A strange notion crossed her mind as she wrote out the list: "Why should I make jam this year?" But she dismissed it; there had come with it that sense of dread, as of something creeping up behind her. Why shouldn't she make jam? She always had made it, and nothing was different.

When the fruit arrived, she looked at it almost exultantly. It was as if it had tried to escape her. With unusual briskness she made her preparations; the jam should be better than ever! Proudly she regarded the long line of jars when all was done; but at thought of the covering to-morrow again that lassitude invaded her spirit. The blue eyes dwelt wearily on the materials; a voice seemed to sigh somewhere: "Why? Why?"

There came a ring at the door, and a niece—not one of the "tribe," but a recent comer to Miss Frith's neighborhood—was announced as in the drawing-room. At once the weariness was gone. "Annie likes my strawberry jam." The eyes brightened; that haunting question ceased.

Oddly enough, Annie, too, had been suffering from depression, had been asking herself "Why?" Miss Frith was sorry for her, but there was a strange comfort in hearing that the voice could sigh for Annie too. At first that seemed selfish, but Annie set it right.

"It's a consolation to know that we're all human together, isn't it?"

Wonderfully consoling, indeed, it was! And the solace lasted, even after Annie had faded into the summer twilight on her way home.

Now another troublesome feeling came—an increasing restlessness. She could not stay quiet. Each day seemed longer than the day before. She took to spending much money on cabs, to driving into town perpetually, for shopping sometimes, but usually with a call at Annie's home on the way back. Annie was not the only one to see there; Miss Frith's brother was younger than herself, there was a son too, and they had a vivacious little Irish maid, and always many cats, as *she* had. Annie, though very "clever," was nevertheless the most companionable of all the nieces and nephews and cousins, for by some wonderful coincidence she so often had been feeling as Miss Frith had—glad or sad, or tired or energetic! And she called her "my dear." Perhaps some people might have thought it not quite respectful, but respect was not always what one wanted.

"Good-night, my dear!" (Annie never said Good-bye.) "Au revoir." When she called that out, disappearing in the twilight, the creeping dread seemed to go away.

"It's a great treat to see you," Miss Frith said at her own door one evening. "I feel very lonely sometimes."

"Oh, there are days on which one can't contemplate existence," Annie answered, in that way she had of putting herself in the same place with you.

What was there so wonderfully consoling about it! She seemed aware of the very dread that you were aware of—and was not that a proof that it wasn't the dread you had thought it might be? For Annie could not know

that one. . . . They looked into each other's eyes, Miss Frith gathering reassurance. Amid all her respect for the "cleverness," she yet knew an ease, a reliance, that only this companion gave her. There was something big behind Annie—she understood what feelings meant. And she felt the same things, and so it could not be *that*.

But all at once, as they stood in the dying day and said Good-night, Annie's eyes filled up with tears. She looked aside quickly, then as quickly looked again, and smiled. Miss Frith stood, gazing at her; a sudden light was on both faces. They kissed one another, closely clasping.

Even then, with all out between them—for it was certain, though no word was said, that Annie knew what the dread was, and that it was different from her own—even then, Miss Frith felt that reliance. It was better than before, indeed. The light, now though she was alone, shone even clearer from her face, the creeping dread was gone; there was nothing to be afraid of—and she knew that if she told Annie how she felt Annie would understand. There was something, though it might not be the vanished dread, *the same* in them both—something the same, perhaps Annie would say, in everybody? Annie would know what it was; *she* need not, she need but rest on the surety of one heart's comprehension.

In her tardy falling asleep at night—one of the new troubles—a fancy came and made her smile at herself: it was as if she were leaning on her mother's breast. And if she told Annie *that*. . . . She fell asleep with the smile grown happy on her lips.

ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE.

Music.

"ARIADNE AUF NAXOS."

"ARIADNE AUF NAXOS" has been a failure in Germany. So far as the music of it is concerned, there is little doubt that it will be a failure in England also. For the play preliminary to the opera there is more hope—at any rate when done in the style we were treated to at His Majesty's Theatre last Tuesday—because of its naked and unashamed exploitation of the current English comedy humor. The whole thing was so bad that Sir Herbert Tree would almost certainly make a fortune by taking it on a long provincial tour. Sir Herbert is a patriot *pur sang*. He scorns the foreign joke: if he is to keep company with Molière, the flimsy Frenchman must get rid of his alien graces and tune himself to the key of the English musical comedy comedian. "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" in its latest English dress and with its latest English acting might well be taken, by any casual and unlettered visitor who strolled into the theatre while the performance was on, for the latest transplantation from the Gaiety. It is true that Molière's wit and humor would out even through such a translation and such acting—all the coarsening in the world cannot quite kill it: but a Frenchman would be hard put to it to recognise some of these clumsy caricatures for the finespun characters that Molière drew, while an Englishman will recognise them all as types made familiar to him by the comic English stage of the last fifteen years. After the first bad joke or two that has been foisted upon the original and upon Hofmannsthal we could anticipate most of the others. We might have foreseen that Jourdain would threaten Nicole with a slap over the jaw, that when Jourdain was told the title of the new opera he would ask "Arry?" and be told in reply "Adne," that as his song had something to do with a lamb there would be references to ham and damn, and so on. One of the characters is asked by Jourdain what he is getting at: another is informed that M. Jourdain can't stand slow music at any price.

And as the translation—or rather adaptation—so the acting. Apart from the Dorante of Mr. Philip Merivale and the little bit of work Miss Neilson-Terry and Mr. Creighton had to do as Dorimène and the Composer respectively, there was not a single style—hardly even a single voice—that had the least suggestion in it of

the breeding and the elegance of the old French comedy. Jourdain, it is true, has neither breeding nor elegance in the usual senses of the words: but he is not the clumsy clown Sir Herbert Tree made of him. He is the most lovable noodle in all dramatic literature: his little vanities are never objectionable, whereas the vanities that Sir Herbert Tree puts upon him hurt one as horribly as the clothes he dressed him in—they were a quite needless riot of color-cacophony. The rest of the play had to live up to the awful standard of over-emphasis set by those appalling clothes—or was it that Sir Herbert Tree wore them so ill? In the true musical comedy vein, an elaborate finger-post was set up in front of each joke, the adapter and the actor presumably having always in their minds the least intelligent member of the audience, and being determined that he shall miss nothing for want of having it pointed out to him. Even the farewell sentences that Hofmannsthal puts into Jourdain's mouth when, at the end of the opera, he finds that his titled guests have slipped away in the darkness, could not be left to carry their own point, as they certainly ought to anyone who is mentally qualified for admission to a theatre. "I wish," says Jourdain, "I had been born a Count or a Marquis, and had been endowed with that certain something with which they know how to give the Great Air to everything they do." As if this were not enough, Sir Herbert Tree, or Mr. Somerset Maugham, or both of them, must needs add "even when they are rude"; and curiously enough it was just these words, and the excessive emphasis and the knowing look with which they were uttered, that established the most confidential relations between the actor and the audience.

But however skilfully the wine of Molière's wit may be doctored to suit a theatrical palate brought up on vinegar or beer, nothing can save such a work as "*Ariadne auf Naxos*." The libretto and the music are surely the poorest things ever put forth by two men of world-wide reputation. The unfortunate thing about the combination of Hofmannsthal and Strauss is that it too often brings out the worst qualities of both of them. Like so many other German writers, Hofmannsthal is apt to mistake brutality for strength, and horseplay for humor; and in Strauss he has a musician who, with all his genius, has in him a certain strain both of rawness and of stupidity. The *Ægisthus* episode in "*Elektra*," as Hofmannsthal has written it, would have been rejected by most composers as too crude a piece of melodramatic effect: Strauss applies the whole force of his orchestra to making a still rawer head and still bloodier bones of it. And no one but a composer whose humor, as in "*Ein Heldenleben*," had a touch of the cackle of the village idiot or the bladder-banging of the village green in it, would have set himself with such gusto to underlining in his music all the puerilities of the inn scene in "*Der Rosenkavalier*." The humor of "*Ariadne auf Naxos*" is inane beyond words. There is some sprightliness in the music of the quartet of buffoons, but it is nothing to become enthusiastic over: while the coloratura aria of Zerbinetta is mostly tedium itself.

The whole of the comedy, indeed, could be cut out of the opera without our missing it: perhaps some day a concert version of the work will be arranged, consisting solely of Ariadne's opening lament and the music that follows the arrival of Bacchus. There would be little of the greater Strauss in this, but it would be interesting enough for a while. The music of the opera as a whole makes it even more certain than in certain parts of "*Der Rosenkavalier*" that the bloom has gone off Strauss's imagination and the vitality out of it. Occasionally there is a great note of human feeling—especially in Ariadne's opening scene—that no other living composer could sound; but for the rest it bears the same relation to Strauss's really fine music as ordinarily competent journalism bears to great literature. The small orchestra of thirty-six players that he uses makes it hard for him to dazzle us, as of old, with purely technical cleverness; and the essential poverty of some of his ideas is unmistakable now that they are seen without their gorgeous trappings. But he is still clever enough to keep on talking volubly and persuading us to listen even when

he has nothing very urgent to say: a good deal of the Bacchus music, for example, is simply the machine-made rhetoric of the skilled old oratorical hand.

One of the most distressing features of the score is the added proof it affords us that Strauss has exhausted his old idiom without having been able to discover a new one. His melodic sense—which is as much as to say his power of creating in music—has come to a standstill. He is apparently conscious of it himself, and tries to atone for the failure of it in two ways—by harmonic eccentricities that cannot blind us to the poverty of the ideas underlying them, and that are becoming as manneristic as certain formulæ of Debussy; and by an affectation of Mozartian simplicity and limpidity of melody. His attempts at the imitation of Mozart invariably end, both here and in "Der Rosenkavalier," in a banality of cadence that destroys whatever illusion they may have begun by creating. In any case there is no path to be opened out into the future by imitating Mozart; if a new idiom is to come, with Strauss or with another, it will have to be as the natural efflorescence of all his best ways of thought and of ours. At present Strauss is drifting like a rudderless boat in a stormy sea. He has no impulse strong enough and sincere enough to carry him through a work at the one white heat: he wastes himself in experiment, in imitation, and in bluff. The full measure of his weakness may be seen in the incidental music to Molière's play. The one good thing in it is the brilliant piece of characterisation that accompanies the fencing scene. The arietta and the duet could have been written by dozens of other men. The rest of the incidental music is either ordinary or stupid. He is a sore disappointment now to those of us who once felt that the future of music lay with him more than with any other composer of our day. When one thinks of the splendid work he has done, and then sees him clowning clumsily in company with Hofmannsthal, or writing music as dull as it is meretricious to accompany the serving of a dinner or the putting on of a pair of trousers, one feels somewhat as the more decent-minded of Noah's sons felt on a famous occasion.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Present-Day Problems.

UP THE RIVER.

FATHER GUMILLA, Jesuit and missionary, has left us many and curious descriptions of the Indian tribes, both of the Orinoco and the Amazon. In those days, Tarayacú and Uyacali were well known mission stations. Manaos was but a port for canoes trading in a small way. Iquitos, only a name to most, had a mission station and a few trading huts. The Putumayo was known but to a few Brazilian and Peruvian half-breeds, and the Indians lived their natural lives—lives interspersed with fighting and with ritual cannibalism, just as Gumilla has described. Walking once through some zoological prison where the animals were caged either behind bars or walked about upon the edge of ditches too wide for them to cross, all looking dull and languid, fat and overfed, and all as bored as is the average member of a legislature, a friend remarked: "I often think these beasts are happier here than they could be if they were all at large." I looked at him, pained and amazed, for he seemed quite a reasonable man, and a few minutes only had elapsed since he was talking, with a glistening eye, about the freedom of Albania.

He saw my look, and said, "I think so, for in the deserts and the woods they suffer hunger, mange, and wounds. They fight with one another, and in old age they die of hunger miserably."

Seeing I had a crank to deal with, I rejoined: "All that you say is true; but they have liberty. If they fight it is with one another, and no one ever heard of tigers setting out to exterminate another race of beasts;

they only eat those they require for food. True, in this horrid place of torture they have a sufficiency to eat; moreover, there always is a plentiful supply of fools to gaze at them. When they have mange, ointment is rubbed into their skins, and so on. Therefore, to make them happier still and take away even the desire for anything but life-sustaining food, to make all perfect, why not castrate every one of them, and, having drawn their teeth, feed them through horns with gruel made of meat!"

That is the problem of the Indians. Julio Arana knows it well, for in examination he stated: "These Indians are freer than ourselves. They have no business, no commerce, worries, or troubles such as we have here, and they know all the forest tracts and streams, just as we know the streets here in our cities and our towns." He added: "The Indians are happier than we are"; and again, "for full three hundred years these Indians have resisted civilisation."

All this he said in the flat, toneless Spanish that men speak away up the rivers in the Tropics, with the slow drawl that seems inborn in those with an admixture of Indian blood. As he spoke, slowly, cautiously, without a trace of hesitation, without the least annoyance at the questions that were showered on him, plausible, deft in confusing issues, with an air of knowing what he talked about, the committee room, the nervous chairman with his spectacles, the lawyers in their wigs, the pressmen jotting down the copy, the ladies in their furs, the audience of the strange, heterogeneous people that law courts, committees, and other places where there is no entry money to be paid always assemble, seemed to melt away into the mist which filtered in through the open leaden-paned windows, from the Thames.

I saw another river, yellow and turbid, running between banks of alluvial soil, with hard-wood trees growing down to the edge. Here and there it left bare banks of sand, on which basked alligators. Here and there were clearings, with a trader's house, a little landing-place, and two or three canoes. Occasionally islands broke the stream, and on them waved bamboos and palms, feathery and light, and from them to the river's bank flew parrots and toucans. Herons fished in the iguapés and cormorants sat on dead branches of the trees. Canoes shot out from underneath the dark, metallic-looking vegetation, and in the stream an Indian stood drawing his bow to shoot fish in the shallows. Along the narrow sandy trails now and then Indian women marched in line, naked except for a white cloth, and monkeys chattered in the trees. Sometimes I thought I saw a tribal battle, with loud ear-piercing yells and arrows whistling through the trees. Terrible as it seems after the Balkan War and the invasions both of Tripoli and of Morocco, several men were slain. Prisoners were taken and sometimes tortured; but all of them died game. A cruel sight it was, ten times more horrible than the thought of the half-eviscerated men who lay, a month or so ago, in Thrace and Macedonia, frost-bitten, crushed by passing waggons, gnawed by the wolves, and with their eyes picked out by crows, because the Indians were not Christians, and fought to please themselves.

Yet Julio Arana, who alone of all the people in the Committee Room except one or two of his underlings, who stood about, olive-skinned, undersized, and looking pinched with cold, myself, and Hardenburg, had seen these kind of Indians in their native state, and he deliberately said: "These Indians are happier than ourselves." Here my mind worked back to the Committee Room, and Julio Arana, tall and broad-shouldered, with a skin the color of the stomach of an alligator, small and dull Indian eyes, boots made (possibly in Iquitos) by a trunk-maker, and dressed in "store clothes," was sitting down, having more than held his own with his examiners.

One could not but admire his vast audacity. His strong and prognathous skull showed him a man of power, perhaps not intellectual; but cunning and resourceful, pitiless and bold. His under jaw, powerful

as a gorilla's, looked as if it could have closed, like a steel trap, upon your hand. His head gave the impression that you might strike it with a hatchet till your arm ached and make as little show upon it as on a stump of greenheart in his own native woods.

Brazilians, Columbians, Peruvians, one and all smile when you talk of him and say "Of course, we know Arana . . . he is the rubber man."

"Cruel?" you ask; and they reply, "Not personally, as far as we know. He is a rubber man, and to get rubber you cannot go about in gloves."

So Julio Arana in the flesh, bound in his hat and hosen, the bold, soft-spoken, keen-witted Peruvian, with his keen brain set in an athletic body, left my mind on which he had so strongly stamped his picture, left the Committee Room without a stain on his . . . ability, having admitted this most important fact, that there "had been atrocities, although exaggerated in the account." No doubt that most atrocities are colored by those who tell of them. Still, the natural indignation of the witness does not palliate the crime.

What matters it if the victims of the Inquisition are to be numbered by the thousand or in tens? Calvin is damned to all eternity for having burned one man. Damned in the minds of those who think that all the souls of all mankind since the Creation would have been saved too dearly if but one man was forced to pass through fire to any kind of god.

Arana got up from his chair, bowed, and withdrew, and in the corridor stood talking through an interpreter to a confiding Irish priest. The worthy man thanked him in a rich brogue for all his kindness done through his agents to some young Franciscan friars just landed in Iquitos. Arana smiled, showing a row of strong, white teeth that would have graced a shark, and with a gesture seemed to put the friars away from him in the same spirit that Cromwell waved away the crown. Then, without looking to the right or left, he walked down the pseudo-Gothic corridor, followed by his clan.

Then came the turn of Hardenburg, the man to whom Europe and America is indebted for the knowledge of the facts. "Make yourself a Redeemer, and you will be crucified," so runs the Spanish saying; and this is just as true to-day as it was nineteen hundred years ago in Galilee. Poor and unknown, accused of forgery and of blackmail—all revelations of the treatment of the Indians, Arana and his kind stigmatised as blackmail—when he had taken his position, just in the middle of the semi-circle, all craned to see the kind of man he was.

Just as Arana speaks a nerveless and slow Spanish, so does Hardenburg speak slow Western English. Perhaps the climate makes all men of European race born in America, speak slow and drawlingly. English and Portuguese and Spaniards, Brazilians, Argentines, Mexicans or what not, all speak but little, and speak that little slow. Pale with the pallor of the man of Northern European stock who has had fevers in the Tropics, brown-haired, brown-eyed, and rather bald, clean-shaven, and self-possessed, the witness sat as impassive as a Sphinx.

His rather worn blue serge suit fitted him closely, and gave an air of neatness to his figure, not quite American and still not English, which conveyed somehow the feeling that he had lived long in hot countries, and was accustomed to thin boots and clothes. Little enough about him to arrest the eye, except a square piece of "aventurine," known on the Pacific coast as "gold-stone," that dangled from his chain.

Briefly and quite conclusively he disposed of both the charges of blackmail and forgery; touched on the outrages only in passing, referring now and then to passages which he had written in his book. Nothing compelled him to appear; he came, just as Arana came, "on a lone hand," in the same way that he, three or four years ago, unknown and friendless, sought the offices of "Truth."

All questions put to him he answered briefly and to the point, in the strong accent of his native land, but in a

pleasant voice. Nothing sensational occurred in his examination, and those who had listened to him, hoping to hear a tale of horrors or violent attacks upon Arana, were disappointed in their hopes. The interest of the man was in himself, not in what was brought out before the Committee of the House.

As he spoke on, one saw him an engineer upon the Cauca Railway in Columbia. In one's mind's eye one watched him hire his horses at Buenaventura, on the Pacific coast, followed him on the road to Pasto and to Popayán. "All the world after all is but Popayán," the proverb goes. What curious and old-world haciendas he stopped at on the road to those two historic and most clerical cities one can conjecture easily.

No doubt, as evening came on, bringing with it the pain between the shoulders that long days on horseback at the "Trotecito" brings, he saw the vast old building in the distance, rode to the gate, passed through Zaguan, and found himself in a great courtyard like an Eastern caravanserai.

A long, low range of sheds, roofed with red tiles, ran round the walls, and under it he got off and tied up his beasts. When they were cool, he, or his peon, led them to the great well right in the middle of the yard and watered them, and then set out to buy them fodder and provisions for himself. Perhaps he had a little stuccoed room with a bench made of white cement at one end on which to lay the bed. Perhaps he slung a hammock between two pillars of the shed; or, perhaps, lighting a fire, lay down beside it, after his supper and a smoke. Some days he plodded on through forest paths in semi-darkness, under gigantic trees, all interspersed with strong bejucos as thick as boat ropes. At other times his way led up rough mountain paths, on which he stumbled, drenched in perspiration, dragging along his horse. Again, he would have days in open plains, on which the sun played like a furnace, and the heat ascending from the earth rose up to meet the glare of the fierce sky. Sometimes he passed a group of huts buried amongst banana trees, round which fed scraggy goats. In the old towns he rested probably a day or two, wandered about the streets, and saw the Indian market, with its silent crowd, seated before their wares, or, entering the dark, cool churches, sat down exhausted with the heat.

His coming would excite a mild sensation, and priests would ask him if he was a Christian, telling him, perchance, with pride, of how before the battle fought at Boyacá, Bolívar, finding no one to serve Mass, mounted his horse, and called out: "Are there amongst the ranks some men from Popayán?" and when three or four stepped out at his call, said, "That is all right. You, Pepe, serve the Mass." The long trail over, and arrived at the head waters of the Putumayo, there would be the hire or buying of a canoe and the search for paddlers. All this time he had travelled through a country quiet as Devonshire; but now the scene was changed. As he dropped down the river, paddling with the current, resting between the hours of ten and three to dodge the heat, and in the evening dragging the canoe up into some open spot for fear of tigers, he would pass Indian tribes.

At first, quite savage and unused to see white faces, they treated him with confidence; but by degrees the sight of his canoes made them escape into the woods.

As he was quite in ignorance of what was going on in the rubber districts, this would astonish him, but still he paddled on. Finally, one hot afternoon, the "Iquitos," a steam launch, passed them down stream, her crew all shouting, and a man firing a shot across his bows. She passed, and Hardenburg having paddled his canoe ashore, was wondering if it were not the safest thing to do to run into the bush.

Then, steaming down the river, fresh from the taking of La Union, drunk with new rum and blood, came the launch "El Liberal."

The rest is history, and the tale of his being taken prisoner, learning about the horrors, and his book, is known to the whole world.

What is not so well known is that there, far away "aguas arriba" (up the river), is a vast system of great

forests cut by and into rivers, and often inundated, so that an enormous lake extends for leagues.

There the remainder of the Amazonian Indians are delivered over to the scum of the whole world, for such a scum as is the half-breed population in the great Norman's-land between the three Republics cannot be matched on earth.

In 1670, good Padre Figueróa—he was martyred by the Cocumas just at the junction of the Huellagas and Apuré (affluents of the Amazon)—in his "Relation of the Missions of the Conception of Jesus in the country of the Maynas," has the following:—

"Two-thirds of all the Indians die from diseases contracted from the Spaniards. Only God knows the occult design of Divine Providence that when the Evangel enters their houses the result is so many illnesses and such mortality."

The ways of Providence are indeed hard to fathom. Only a child, and those who are born with faith, as Padre Figueróa was, are children to the end, would ever try to sound them, or to do aught but marvel at the great unfathomable plan.

Forests and forests and still more forests; rivers and swamps, and still more rivers and more swamps; Morichi palms, Tacamajaca, Urundeí, and Greenheart, millions of hard-wood trees and feathery bamboos; a wilderness of slime and mud; a chessboard cut into gigantic squares by rivers, and a sun that shines out wearily through mist; a world of humming-birds, of parrots, pink flamingoes, and macaws sailing like hawks through the still, heavy air; a world where monkeys chatter, and where the tapir bursts through the underwoods, and the great manati floats awash upon the streams, and where the insects hum like the faint drumming of a tom-tom on a tropic night; such is the Putumayo.

In it man has a little place—a place as humble as mankind has in the whole world; but a place that he filled happily according to his lights.

His destiny lies in the tweed-clad laps of those assembled in Committee, having the knowledge both of good and evil, just as if they were gods.

The fate of these poor Indians lies in their hands; these tribes to whom good Padre Figueróa brought, as he thought, glad tidings of great joy, and to whom Julio Arana brought the *lazo*.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Communications.

THE LEGAL INEQUALITY OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his speech on the Woman Suffrage Bill, the Prime Minister made many assertions with regard to the legal position of women which I believe to be quite unfounded, and which I hope you will give me an opportunity to refute.

This is highly important, because he declared—I quote his own words—

"The general argument I have presented might be displaced, and probably would be displaced, if it could be shown that the absence of direct representation in the House has caused, and is causing, a neglect by Parliament of the special needs and interests of the excluded class."

He added:—

"The case which has been presented showing that in these matters the Parliament of the country has been unduly negligent of, or oblivious to, the interests of women is a case totally destitute of foundation and wholly incapable of proof."

The views of Lord Coleridge, late Chief Justice of England, contradict Mr. Asquith's assertion. He said:—

"I can scarcely believe that if the House of Commons was as much aware as every lawyer is aware of the state of the law in England as regards women, even still after the very recent humane improvements in it, it would not hesitate to say it was more worthy of a barbarian than of a civilised State. If that be so, I do not think the wisdom of Parliament will be darkened, nor the justice of Parliament slackened, because those who appeal to that wisdom are entitled to be heard by reason of the possession of something like political power when they ask for justice. I believe fully that after a certain

number of years the law, which I regard in many respects as wholly indefensible, will be altered. As it is, I believe the sense of justice on the part of men, if they are once aroused to it and convinced of the injustice, will in time bring about the reform needed; but I believe this reform will not be brought about so fast as it would be if we put into the hands of those who suffer from this injustice some share of political power."

Mr. Asquith may possibly attach weight to the words of Mr. Gladstone, who said, years ago, in the debates on the Divorce Bill:—

"I consider that this Bill is a gross injustice to women in favor of men."

Was Mr. Asquith in the House during the debate on the Address in February, 1911, in reference to the Mann case? The father, who was a Catholic, had taken away the children from the custody of their mother, and Mr. Birrell admitted that the father, in committing this "wrong and cruel act," was only within his legal rights. The mother had no rights to her children. Did the Prime Minister hear Sir Edward Carson say that "if that was the state of the law, the time of the House ought to be taken from then until Easter to set right such a monstrous law"? Alas! there has never been any sign that His Majesty's Government intends to deal with this bitter grievance of mothers. Man is the only animal who denies to the mother the supreme control of her young.

Does Mr. Asquith remember the Dower Act, whereby, in 1836, the House of Commons deprived widows of a right, enjoyed from early Saxon times, to dower out of their husbands' lands? That Act placed it in the power of every husband to leave his widow penniless and homeless at his death. Is that not a case where Parliament was not only oblivious to the rights of women, but deliberately unjust? I know of no other civilised country where a man is allowed to enjoy his wife's services for a lifetime without payment, and then leave her destitute at his death.

The law has a further hold upon the widow. In cases where a man exercises his right to disinherit his wife and children, the law imposes upon the mother the duty of supporting the children out of her earnings, or of retiring with them into the living death of the workhouse, should the task prove to be impossible.

Under the most common form of marriage in France, the "Communauté des Biens," husband and wife are partners in the common property, and the wife has a half-share in everything earned by the pair. Contrast this with the position of a wife in England, who may assist in her husband's business, may manage his hotel, may serve in his shop, may work in his fields, and yet never, during the course of a long life, own a farthing of all the value produced by her work.

Is Mr. Asquith aware that there are 40,000 illegitimate children born annually in this country, and that, owing to the legal difficulties imposed by Parliament upon mothers, only about 3 per cent. of such mothers are able to enforce assistance for the support of their children from the fathers? Yet a Bill now before the House to aid mothers in putting the law in force waits in vain for the attention of Parliament.

Mr. Asquith states that he knows no case "where the conscience of Parliament would have been quickened by the representation of women electors." If he will only listen, he will hear of many. For years, Bills dealing with the White Slave Traffic have waited for Parliamentary time, help being definitely refused by his Government. It was only by the agitation in America, only by the rousing of the Churches in this country, and the speeches of archbishops in crowded halls, only by the fierce popular indignation shared by men electors, that the Government was made afraid to delay legislation further, and allowed a private Member's Bill to pass. This infamous trade has been built up for years under the eyes of the police, and the Government have again and again refused help. Even now facilities were given only on condition that no clause was added to raise the age of consent, which, we were told, would be fatal to the Bill. Mr. Asquith's advisers were of opinion that Members of Parliament would rather see English girls sold into the most degrading slavery, than consent to raise the age during which they were protected. It is only for children under eighteen that protection is asked; not for grown women. The great majority of fallen women are

ruined before the age of eighteen. Women ask that the fair flower of womanhood should have at least the right to bloom before it can be crushed. At present, even in the bud, the law allows it to be trampled in the dust.

The legal age of marriage for girls is actually fixed by Parliament at twelve years! In no assembly where women had influence would such a law be tolerated. The saddest sight in the world is a child of thirteen or fourteen years of age tottering down the Maternity Hospital steps, destitute, and carrying in her arms a wretched infant, already doomed to death. Girls of twelve, or but little older, are victims of the White Slave dealer, who has only to go through a form of marriage with such a child and have her handed over completely into his power. In any foreign country he may then sell her, or live upon her earnings, as he may choose. An Englishwoman of any age who marries a foreigner must assume the domicile of her husband, and be subject to the laws of his country. In Germany, no citizen, even if a woman, is obliged to accept foreign domicile against her will.

The laws of this country relating to the inheritance of property are obviously unjust. As between husband or wife, son or daughter, the male is clearly favored. Where a man leaves no will, the law gives the landed estate to the sons in succession in preference to the daughters, thus setting a national example of injustice which testators are only too quick to follow.

Conspicuous amongst the wrongs of woman are the disabilities the men have imposed upon her in education and industrial training. Many large sums of money left by testators for purposes of education are given either wholly or mostly to boys, even if girls are specifically mentioned as beneficiaries by the giver. Universities are allowed still to withhold their degrees from women. At a recent Mansion House meeting, the Chairman declared that, in technical education, "a wholly disproportionate amount of accommodation in teaching has been given to men's work. The women's department is often tucked away in garret or basement, and provides instruction in household arts only."

It is, however, by the artificial restrictions imposed by men upon her right to work that women suffer most acutely. Throughout the animal world, the female is free to seek her food as she will, and even the tiger permits his mate to hunt in the same jungle. Amongst human beings, women are dictated to by men as to how, when, and under what conditions they shall be allowed to earn their bread. Our whole society is a gigantic trades union of men combined against fair wages and free employment for women. All through the Civil and Diplomatic Service, men, and men alone, receive large salaries. Solicitors are allowed to exclude women from their practice; barristers forbid them to plead at the Bar; all positions in our State Church are for men only. Similarly, throughout our whole industrial world (except, perhaps, in some textile manufactories), we see women's work confined to the inferior branches of each trade, and men's trade unions allowed power to forbid any encroachment of women in any work they are pleased to consider their own. Any trade practised by women can be freely invaded by men. The result is that the average wages of women in this country are under nine shillings per week, and thousands of girls earn only five or six shillings. The iniquitous system of fines still flourishes; the sweating system is still grinding out women's lives, although Select Committees have reported condemning these abuses. Meanwhile, large grants of our national money are made to men—usually earning £2 and £3 weekly—for unemployment insurance. To women earning starvation wages no such insurance grant is given. Even the "Times" recently "allowed that the position of women in this country was profoundly unsatisfactory."

What has Mr. Asquith himself done for women? One instance is all he can give. Many years ago, as Home Secretary, he appointed two women factory inspectors, at little more than half the payment given to men, to inspect some three millions of women workers. This generous act was mentioned in the speech which the Prime Minister made in the House on the Conciliation Bill, and again this year in the Suffrage debate. Evidently it stands alone in Mr. Asquith's memory of any benefit he has conferred on women, and, considered dispassionately, a very poor record it is. The Government is, in some respects, the worst sinner in

the oppression of women workers. Was Mr. Asquith in office when a woman attempted suicide, by throwing herself into the Thames, because she could not endure the slow starvation resulting from making soldiers' trousers at 2½d. a pair? I could quote hundreds of cases of thoughtless injustice and of meanness which inflict hardship upon women who execute Government work.

Mr. Asquith does not believe "there is any legislature in the world that has ever done so much for women as the man-elected legislature of this country." Does he not know that in every country where women possess the franchise equal wages are given by law to men and women school-teachers, and in many there is equal payment for equal work in Government service? Norway has just passed a Bill giving equal wages in the telegraph service. He will find that free admission to all universities is conceded. He will find the age of consent is raised, and that the marriageable age is seventeen. He will find, by the unanimous declaration of one of these Legislatures, that woman suffrage has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from their dominions.

Finally, Mr. Asquith would persuade women that "to be excluded from the franchise is in no sense derogatory to the honor and dignity of the female sex." What? No dishonor to be classed, politically, with idiots, criminals, paupers, and lunatics? No indignity to be placed lower than the thousands of illiterate male voters, who have a voice in national affairs? Surely, Mr. Asquith must think the female sex even less than human. When a few voters were excluded by a decision on the latch-key franchise, one of his colleagues declared "it was more than flesh and blood could bear." Many women regard exclusion from the franchise as a public insult, which deprives life of many of its joys and robs death of much of its terror. Political equality would make every husband think more highly of his wife; every son would honor his mother more; all women would stand higher in national respect; all men appear nobler in the eyes of women. Thus our standard of manners (about which Mr. Asquith so carefully inquires) cannot but be raised.

In face of these facts, can the Prime Minister still fairly maintain that no concrete example of injustice has been established? Can he still say that he thinks the conscience of Parliament needs no quickening? Can he still declare that there is no country that has better laws for women than England? Can he still imagine that women feel it no disadvantage to be shut out from political privileges? I do not think he can.—Yours, &c.,

LAURA ABERCONWAY.

43, Belgrave Square, May 28th, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

"HUMANITY IN RESEARCH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Bernard Shaw, let me say:—

(1) Certificate A., which dispenses with anaesthetics, is not allowed for experiments involving an operation. It is only allowed for inoculations, or for experiments of the nature of inoculations.

(2) I have sent the facts of the case against Neisser to those of your readers who have asked for them.

(3) The final Report of the Anti-Typhoid Committee, appointed in 1904 by the Army Council, was issued last week. It deals with no less than 19,314 of our soldiers. Of this large number of men, 10,378 had been inoculated against typhoid, and 8,936 had not. The incidence of typhoid was 5·39 per 1,000 among the inoculated, and 30·4 per 1,000 among the non-inoculated. A sub-committee investigated the notes of 258 cases of typhoid, of whom 56 had been inoculated, and 202 had not. Among the inoculated, the mild cases were 66·1 per cent., and the severe or fatal cases were only 33·9 per cent. Among the non-inoculated, the mild cases were only 29·3 per cent., and the severe or fatal cases were 70·7 per cent.

MALTA FEVER.

1. Malta fever is a very slow and painful disease. Its average duration is four months. It is attended by severe

rheumatic pains, neuralgia, and extreme emaciation and weakness. It occurs all round the Mediterranean coast—in Gibraltar, Southern Italy and Sicily, Greece, Turkey, Port Said, Tunis, &c.; it also occurs in South Africa, India, and elsewhere. The Mediterranean is the chief hot-bed of the disease; but it is endemic in all those tropical or subtropical countries where the goat is the sole or the principal cause of the milk-supply.

2. In Malta itself, it is not the cities round the harbor which suffer most from the fever. Some of the inland towns and villages show a much higher fever-rate.

3. The height of the fever-rate is in proportion to the number of goats in this or that town or village.

4. There has been no sudden cleansing of the harbor in recent years: it is always being cleaned. There was no perceptible change in the cleanliness of the harbor between 1900 and 1906.

5. Maltese physicians share the impression, which is general in Malta, that the upper leisured classes are much more apt to get the fever than the laboring classes. Thus, the combined suburbs of Sliema and St. Julian, the richest and most fashionable places in Malta, have by far the heaviest average fever-rate—7.4 per 1,000. General impressions are sometimes wrong. But it is certain that the fever-rate among our officers and their families used to be far higher than among our non-commissioned officers and men.

These facts make it plain, that Malta fever is not a "filth disease," nor due to "the state of the harbor." Now comes another set of facts:—

1. So far back as 1886-87, Bruce proved that the fever is due to *micrococcus melitensis*. He discovered these germs in the blood and tissues after death: he isolated them, by a differential method, from all other kinds of germs: he grew them, in "pure culture," in test-tubes: and he inoculated monkeys with this pure culture. The monkeys duly got Malta fever, and their blood and tissues after death showed the very conditions which he had found in the human body.

2. Certain of our men of science, working with pure cultures of these germs in English laboratories a thousand miles away from Malta, have become infected with the fever. There have been seven or eight cases of this accidental infection: one of them ended in death.

These facts make it plain that Malta fever is *micrococcus melitensis*, just as much as plague is *bacillus pestis* and anthrax is *bacillus anthracis* and glanders is *bacillus mallei*. Now comes the second phase of the work:—

1. "It was not until 1904 that the Government, alarmed by the great wastage in men, took the question up, and asked the Royal Society to undertake a thorough investigation of the matter. . . . It seems a pity that this research was not undertaken twenty years earlier, as during this time some 14,000 or 15,000 soldiers and sailors have suffered from the disease."—(Bruce.)

2. The Commission worked hard, from June, 1904, to October, 1906. It took them a year of laborious work to make sure that the infection was conveyed neither by the air from wards with fever cases in them, nor by drinking-water, nor by the water of the harbor, nor by the blowing about of dust, nor by direct contagion, nor by mosquitoes and other biting insects.

3. Previous observers had made feeding experiments on monkeys, mixing the *micrococcus* with food, and had said that the monkeys did not take the fever. The Commission repeated these experiments on monkeys and on goats, and found that they did take the fever.

4. Six goats, apparently healthy, had been purchased for experiment. On preliminary examination, *micrococcus melitensis* was found to be already present in the blood of two, the urine of two, and the milk of four. Then came the examination of about two thousand goats, and it was found that 40 per cent. of them showed evidence of past or present infection, and 10 per cent. of them actually had *micrococcus* in their milk.

5. About this time came the episode of the ss. "Joshua Nicholson." On August 19th, 1905, it left Malta for Antwerp, taking 61 milch goats, all healthy in appearance, and many of them prize animals. We have relevant information of 10 persons only, out of 27 on board. Of these 10 persons who drank the goats' milk, 5 certainly became infected with the fever. At Antwerp the goats were trans-

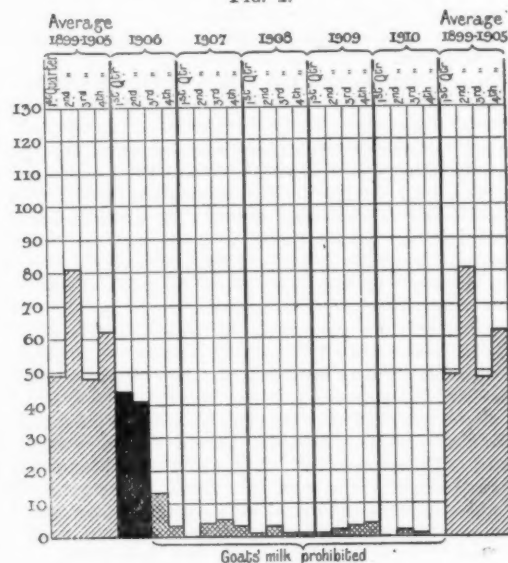
shipped for New York to the ss. "St. Andrew." The master and the owners of the "St. Andrew" state that none of the men suffered any illness. But it is certain that a woman at the quarantine station, Athenia, New Jersey, who drank the goats' milk, suffered in December, 1905, from a typical attack of the fever.

6. In Malta, early in 1906, a small portion of the military garrison was moved into modern barracks. But, for all that, there were in the first half of that year 89 cases of the fever among the naval garrison and 120 among the military garrison. Besides, the first half of the year is not the chief time for the fever—the chief time is the autumn.

7. On July 1st, 1906, the goats' milk was prohibited to the garrisons, and the fever forthwith began to vanish out of all the barracks—old and new alike—and out of the naval hospital at Bighi. Among the civil population it went on to its heart's content.

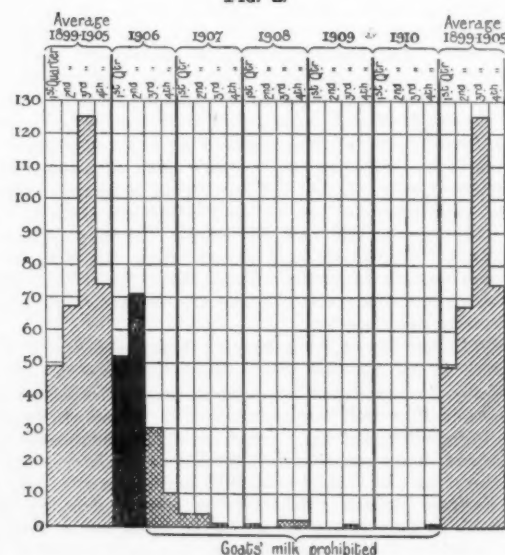
8. The following diagrams are lent by Dr. Eyre, who was Chairman of the "Working Party" of the Commission in 1906. All who are interested in Malta fever ought to read his Milroy Lectures, 1908, and his paper in the "Lancet," January 13th, 1912.

FIG. 1.



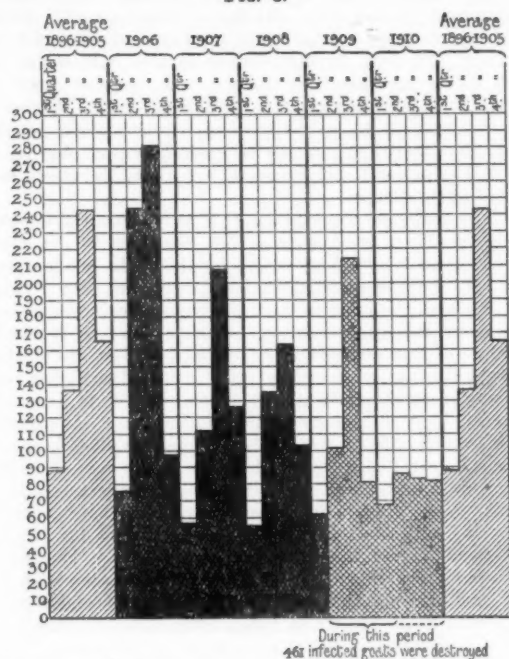
Incidence of Mediterranean fever on the Naval Forces stationed at Malta. Note that the average incidence for each quarter appears at the left of the diagram and is repeated at the extreme right. The same arrangement has been followed in Figs. 2 and 3.

FIG. 2.



Incidence of Mediterranean fever on the Military Forces in Malta.

FIG. 3.



Incidence of Mediterranean fever on the civil population of Malta.

Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET, HOR. SEC.
(Research Defence Society).

21, Ladbroke Square, London, W.

May 28th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I add a word to Mr. Shaw's keenly reasoned answer to Mr. Paget in your issue of May 24th?

Is it not a little nauseating to hear the oft-repeated justification of vivisection on the grounds that the child is more precious than the dog, and that the sufferings of the former are saved by the torture of the latter, when we know that for one child rescued from death or pain by science, thousands are the innocent victims of the self-indulgence and vice of their fathers, are doomed to drag through life the lengthening chain of misery which was forged for them before they were born?

If the anti-vivisectionist be responsible (let us admit it for argument's sake) for human suffering that might, here and there, be averted by scientific discovery, what are we to say of the responsibility of men of science and members of the medical profession, who, knowing what they do of the state of society, exert so little effort to check the mischief, and, indeed, too often help the malefactor by their professional skill to go his way rejoicing, and leave to others the bitter fruits of his enjoyment? How many lives are saved through vivisection for the thousands that might be saved by self-restraint and clean living?

A great physician, years ago, when this same controversy was raging, pleaded for the practice on the principle that "sacrifice is the law of life." And so it is; but the first and most imperative sacrifice is that of sobriety and self-control. Before asking this questionable sacrifice of the creatures that depend on us, let us do our own part towards the health and well-being of our children. If we are to be thus dispensed from the universal law of mercy and humanity in the effort to alleviate our desperate physical sufferings, let it, at least, only be in the last resort, when we have done everything we ourselves can do to that end.

There is, or used to be, a quaint, unwritten law among pious Catholics in Rome that when dispensed, for motives of health, from the law of Lenten abstinence, it was unlawful to eat unwholesome kinds of meat. Is there not an analogous law in this matter? If dispensed from the law of pity in the prosecution of scientific discovery for the cure of disease, are we not bound strenuously to forbid and avoid all that could, on our part, efface the benefit so eagerly

sought? Before they cut up animals as a remote means of healing human beings, should not the medical profession rise as one man to fight the moral evils that are sapping the strength of our race?—Yours, &c.,

A RECLUSE.

May 27th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—What I do object to is turning a decent medical student into a scoundrel by teaching him the arguments that are used by all scoundrels." The arguments have been familiar to all generations of medical students for a long time. Does Mr. Shaw mean that all doctors are scoundrels? It is a new description for us; most people have been content to eulogise the profession which is doing its utmost for the good of humanity. Mr. Shaw must have been unfortunate in choosing his friends amongst the medical fraternity. Of course, it is only a natural consequence that the mature man is what the youth was trained to be.

If you will allow me to enter this protest, I shall deem it a favor. I enclose my card, it not being usual for medical men to advertise their names needlessly. Mr. Paget, I assume, is writing in an official capacity, which alters the circumstances.—Yours, &c.,

MEDICO.

May 26th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was an official of Malta Dockyard from October, 1906, to October, 1911. During my service there there was, to my memory, no case of an English workman being invalided home with Malta fever, and only one English civil officer—a colleague of mine, who had been in Malta some years before the English community discarded goats' milk.

Before 1906, Malta had acquired a bad reputation among English Admiralty employees, as there had, for a quarter of a century, been a long succession of invalidings. There are now no invalidings from the Dockyard for Malta fever.

Taken with the equally astonishing results in the Army and Navy, this has quite convinced the English community in Malta. The English have changed their habits and their environment in Malta in one respect only—they have absolutely boycotted goats' milk. And they now escape the fever entirely. Dr. Hadwen and Mr. Chancellor and Miss Kidd merely bore them. Vague references to improved sanitation do not advance the anti-vivisectionists' case for two reasons:—

1. The English workpeople live dotted among the Maltese in the towns around the Dockyard—Senglea, Vittoriosa, Cospicua. Why should improved sanitation abolish Malta fever among the English and not among their Maltese neighbors?

2. The only large sanitary improvement effected about 1906 was a new sewerage system around the Grand Harbor. This would affect the populations of Valletta and the Dockyard district. But the English officials—with the families of naval officers—live almost entirely in Sliema, which was unaffected by the sewage diversion around Grand Harbor, and is separated by the Marsamuscetto Harbor from Valletta.

The English population sticks rigorously to tinned milk, and has now no fear of Malta fever. The Maltese population continues to use goats' milk—patriotically scorning the "goats' milk theory"—and pays for supporting home industries by a continued experience of the fever. Goats found to be suffering from Malta fever are now killed, and the institution of a medical supervision of the goats coincides with a drop, which has been maintained, in the statistics of the fever among the Maltese.

To the English population the fever was a very serious matter, and we did indeed say "damn" when Dr. Hadwen's amazing letters (I remember particularly some jugglery with percentages) appeared in the Malta paper. We felt that, in order to score a point in his argument, he was encouraging the reactionary element that obstructed the Government measures for eradicating the fever. And it was our health that, for the sake of what most of us considered his fad, he was playing with.

Anyhow, we stuck unanimously to our tinned milk, and with that one little precaution, we have continued to secure

immunity. We used the unsweetened liquid milk—"Viking," "Bear," and other brands—and very good stuff it was; so rich that all our hostesses put on "side" at four o'clock, and asked if we would have "cream" in our tea.—Yours, &c.,

A RESIDENT.

May 26th, 1913.

EQUALITY OF INCOME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am not going to let Mr. Leonard Hobhouse out of it quite so easily as that.

"To begin with," he says, "incredible as it may appear, I formed such ideas as I have about economic justice without reference to Mr. Shaw's views." That is a nasty one; but I said nothing about the formation of Mr. Hobhouse's ideas. I was criticising the address he delivered in Manchester; and he did not express himself there without reference to my views: on the contrary, he expressly named me, quoted me, levelled his remarks at me, and contradicted me. It is no use his now saying, "I never offered to interfere with the gentleman." He deliberately and wantonly undertook to confute me; and that is why I devoted his proposals to destruction.

Further, Mr. Hobhouse says that he is under no obligation to take up my challenge to propose an alternative distribution to my plan of equal distribution. But I say flatly that he is. Mr. Hobhouse is not a coal-merchant or a market-gardener, or a man about town, or a tramp, or anyone else in a position to plead that political and economic problems are not his business. He is a political journalist, a professor of Sociology at London University, and the author of several works on public morals. And he is committed on this very subject by his support of the Budgets of Mr. Lloyd George. Now, if Mr. Lloyd George's Budgets are not aimed at redistribution of income, Mr. Lloyd George is simply robbing a hen-roost; and Mr. Hobhouse is inciting to and compounding a felony. And redistribution of income is not an abstract policy to be carried out for its own sake or for the artistic pleasure of the spectators. Muddle-headed opportunist parliamentarians may be permitted to say vaguely that the rich are too rich and the poor too poor, and to postpone the inevitable question of how much richer we intend to make the poor, and how much poorer the rich. But I am not going to stand that from a Professor of Sociology. I do not say, and I did not say, that if Mr. Hobhouse does not produce a plan of his own, he must be convinced that my plan is the right one. What I did say, and what I now repeat, is that Nature abhors a vacuum, and that, whether Mr. Hobhouse is convinced or not, he will find my plan filling the existing void, unless he can supply another to pit against it. Everybody who has had any committee experience knows that if something has to be settled, and only one man has a plan ready for settling it, he will carry his plan, even if he is the only man of the committee who understands or approves of it. Thus Mr. Hobhouse is not only under an obligation to declare the final goal of the redistributions he is actually abetting, but reduced to impotence without such a declaration.

Let me warn him before he sits down to the task I have set him that he will not advance a step as long as he imagines that what I have asked him for is his "standard of remuneration." I have said nothing about remuneration. Remuneration is rubbish—tradesman's rubbish. How are you to remunerate a baby? What are you going to remunerate it for? Yet the baby's share of the national income is of supreme importance, because infancy is the period at which poverty does most harm. How are you to remunerate the unemployed? How are you to remunerate the soldier in time of peace? Remuneration may serve stupid and selfish people as an excuse for leaving others to starve when no profit can be made out of them: it is not a conception that becomes a professor and a gentleman. No matter how you distribute the national income, a good deal of it will have to go otherwise than under the form of remunerating services. It is true that the people who receive it will contract a debt to society. How to make them discharge that debt is another matter. But some of it, in the nature of things, cannot ever be discharged. A share of a child who dies before it is old enough to produce anything but the

joy its existence may give to its parents and itself is economically a bad debt that must be written off. Therefore, the confused attempt to make distribution secure the solvency of society by distributing income only under the form of remuneration is absurd. It reduced itself to absurdity even in the eyes of Parliament under Elizabeth; and the attempt to revive it when commercialism got the upper hand politically in the nineteenth century has led to the hell of poverty and inequity out of which we are now struggling to escape.

It is really no use saying—as if it meant anything—"I think that, in a good social order, exertions in directions useful to society would be, except for those who are incapacitated, a condition of obtaining any income at all: I think that it should be open to men and women to increase their income by increased exertion." How can the increased exertions of men and women be useful to society unless they increase the income of society: that is, of all the other men and women at the same time? What use is it to a man or woman to have more money than his neighbors? At present, the man with £500 a year gains by getting £5,000, solely because he can find a class which lives at the rate of £5,000 a year, with its markets and its social organisation of life at that rate. But a millionaire, even in these days of monstrous and miserable luxury, cannot spend his income on himself. Even the fashionable expedient of keeping a steam-yacht, in addition to five huge houses, each with its park, motor-garage, hunting stables, and acres under glass (the owner living mostly in hotels after all), not only fails utterly to enable its victim to live several lives and be in several houses and eat several meals simultaneously, but ends in such wills as that of the late Sir Julius Wernher and in the desperate benefactions of Mr. Carnegie. In short, the multi-millionaire, unable to live one life at the rate of £250,000, tries to live five lives at the rate of £50,000 each: the result being that he divides his income with a quintuple retinue, and multiplies his cares instead of his enjoyments. There is one way, and one way only, in which men and women can in any real sense increase their incomes by their own exertions, and that is by effecting an improvement in the arts of life in which everyone shares. No doubt there are people who wish to be richer than their neighbors, not for the sake of making larger purchases, but from sheer uppishness. The remedy for that is simple. Snub them.

Mr. Hobhouse owns that he must necessarily break down over the job of measuring reward in terms of income. But he thinks he can measure exertion that way. He may take it from me that he cannot. A community in which all had to work the same number of hours in order to enjoy the same "remuneration" would find out its mistake in a week. Mr. Hobhouse's notion that two hours' work means twice the exertion of one hour's work is the notion of a bricklayer; and as Mr. Hobhouse is not a bricklayer, I cannot imagine how he came to entertain it. Men can, and even sometimes do, work sixteen hours a day at routine jobs without holidays and without nervous breakdown. An attempt to do original literary, scientific, or artistic work for four hours a day all the year round without holidays would end in a lunatic asylum, a retreat for dipsomaniacs, or the cremation furnace. Even in the same occupation the exertion varies from hour to hour as the worker tires. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the fact that a dock laborer is paid twice as much for two hours' work as for one means that his wage is proportionate to his exertion. His work is measured by the hour because, being bought and sold in the market, it has to be measured somehow; but the price is fixed by supply and demand at twopence an hour, and by trade union combination, founded on a conception of the man's needs, at sixpence. A barrister may get for a day's work which does not exhaust him five hundred and twenty-five times as much as a dock laborer, who leaves off dog-tired and sub-human. Yet Mr. Hobhouse remarks, in a superior manner, that "time and piece-work are measures of exertion which do not belong to Utopia, and however rough, are better than none." I can only say that if Mr. Hobhouse is really satisfied, he takes other people's misfortunes very easily. If he lives to the day when labor gets the upper hand and finds itself equipped by Professors of Sociology and others whose business it is to educate it on the subject, with no better plan for "remunerating" what is called brain-work than payment by the hour, he will change his note rather precipitately.

I never said that economic conditions are the only factors in opportunity. I have observed differences of color; and I have heard of differences of sex. I do not believe that any readjustment of economic conditions would enable Mr. Hobhouse to bear twins or to achieve popularity as a Christy Minstrel. If Mr. Hobhouse really believes that he ought, on this account, to get less than his charwoman or than the nearest negro with an ear for music, let him say so at once and be removed to a lunatic asylum.

"We can supply a man with the education of a Newton," says Mr. Hobhouse, "but not with his brains; and his education costs money. True; but, once started, need we also supply the man with an income throughout life, whether he works or idles?" Of course we need. What reason is there for starting if you are not prepared to go on with it? You do not start because you want to blackmail the man into working: you start because inequality produces frightful evils, because poverty produces frightful evils, because ignorance produces frightful evils; and whether a man works or not, you cannot afford to have him poor or ignorant, either relatively or absolutely. If he idles, to turn round suddenly and punish yourself and the whole community worse than you punish him by reintroducing inequality and poverty would be to show that you did not know why you gave him "equality of opportunity." His refusal to work is not the end of the world. You can shame him; you can kick him; you can wait until he gets tired of idling or succumbs to the English horror of not doing what everybody is doing—of being eccentric, in short. You can even kill him, if you think the matter serious enough. Or you can support him in idleness, as we support so many nowadays. You can do fifty sensible and amiable things. Why should you do the one hopelessly silly, cruel, and disastrous thing, only to find an idle tramp on your hands after all?—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

May 28th, 1913.

PORTUGAL AND POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have observed with great surprise and still greater regret that the Liberal Press has, in some measure, withheld its support from the effort I have recently made to enlist British sympathy in favor of an amnesty for the Portuguese political prisoners. I cannot but feel that some misapprehension both as to the facts of the case, and also as to the motives and principles which govern the movement, may have arisen—a misapprehension which I would gladly dispel.

Attention should be drawn to the fact that from the first prominent Liberals have shown their interest in this object both on the platform at the meeting of protest, and in private counsel and co-operation. It is difficult to account for the concern thus expressed if at the same time the allegations made by a portion of the Liberal Press hold good, viz., that the movement is inspired by a desire to restore the Monarchy, and to play into the hands of Royalist conspirators. In this camp the names of Trevelyan and Gladstone would be singularly out of place. Moreover, although the representatives of the families of Somers and Russell are no longer included in the ranks of official Liberalism, the principles they represent are cherished by their descendants, and no form of bigotry or intolerance, no association with the reactionary schemes of a foreign royalist propaganda, could be in accordance with their traditions.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the demand for an amnesty is not the result of political bias, but is based upon the facts which are now patent, and have neither been denied nor refuted by the Portuguese Government: First, that a large proportion of political prisoners (the majority of whom belong to the working classes) have been detained awaiting trial during long periods for suspected Royalist sympathies, and not on account of participation in any conspiracy or act of rebellion.

Secondly, the men who have been tried and sentenced by irregularly constituted tribunals are consigned to the convict prisons and share the fate of criminals, no proof or evidence of guilt worthy of the name having been produced against them.

Is it not natural, therefore, that all humane persons, disinterestedly concerned in the relief of suffering, should unite with the moderate section of Republican opinion in Portugal? No less a person than the President of the Republic recently published in the Portuguese press a decree of amnesty on behalf of the political prisoners, adding, however, that the Government were opposed to giving effect to the measure.

The recent issue of the Portuguese paper, "O Seculo," which was largely circulated among British Members of Parliament and others, tends to produce a sense of confusion in the minds of those who have studied the pamphlet "Portuguese Political Prisoners," and my own letters to the press. This confusion can be cleared up by a short statement: The pamphlet in question was compiled by an able writer who had received a large mass of information from unimpeachable sources, and this information covers a period extending from October, 1910, to March, 1913. A series of letters from the Lisbon correspondent of the "Morning Post" had set forth the miserable conditions of the political prisoners in the fortresses of Alto do Duque and Caxias and in the island-prison of Trafaria. It is, at least, permissible to infer that the prisoners were removed to the Limoeiro prison in Lisbon in consequence of the attention attracted by these letters and those of other foreign correspondents, and though even here the use of the dungeon cells continued for some time, this practice has lately been abandoned. The military prison of the Castle of St. Jorge belongs, however, to the old type, and there can be little doubt that the political prisoners in the provincial prisons are in the same plight as formerly. My letters continue the relation. While strenuously insisting on certain gross breaches of justice in the treatment of the political prisoners in the Limoeiro, I do not refuse to admit that the searchlight of public opinion has produced some mitigation of the gross barbarities related in the pamphlet as having taken place in 1911 and 1912.

With regard to the Penitenciaria Convict Prison, which I have alluded to in a former letter as a building of the modern Continental type, adapted from the prison at Louvain, it is obvious that I was not referring to insanitary—or what have been termed "medieval"—conditions.

The solitary system, as it obtains in all Continental prisons, though supported by many thoughtful foreign penalogists, is one which in England has no advocates. It is a strenuous form of punishment for a desperate form of crime; but when applied to men whose misdeeds consist in loyal adherence to the traditions of their families and to their own personal convictions, some effort on their behalf appeals to all lovers of justice. Among these, may I not count the contributors to and readers of your valuable paper?—Yours, &c.,

ADELINE M. BEDFORD.

51, Berkeley Square, W.
May 28th, 1913.

[We have protested against the harshness with which political prisoners in Portugal have been treated, and we have general sympathy with the Duchess of Bedford's efforts on their behalf.—ED., NATION.]

THE CROWSLEY FUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am in receipt of cheques:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Matheeson	1	1	0
Lilian Harris	1	1	0
G. P. Gooch	3	3	0
Mrs. Sybilla Branford	1	1	0
Sir Roger Casement	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Roth	1	1	0
John Galsworthy	5	5	0
Mrs. Enfield	0	5	0

for Fred. Crowsley. I will let him know at once that I have this money, and will see that it is laid out to the best advantage for him.

We are very deeply indebted to THE NATION for taking up his case.—Yours, &c.,

JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD.

May 27th, 1913.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN MACEDONIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Liberals have always looked to THE NATION as an organ which views all questions from an impartial and un-biassed standpoint. The writer of the interesting article on Great Britain and Turkey, which appeared in a recent issue, in drawing his conclusions as to the rights of the various Balkan States, seems to me to have started from some incorrect premises. Let me deal first with the territory in Macedonia claimed by Bulgaria from Serbia, which covers the greater part of the Cazas of Perlepe, Monastir, Tikphe, and Gevgeli.

The writer of the article states that this territory is doubly Bulgarian (1) by treaty, and (2) by race. Now, so far as the terms of the Serb-Bulgar treaty are known, it appears that this treaty was really drawn up with a view to defining spheres of influence in Macedonia. It did not provide for either (1) an Albanian Kingdom, or (2) the annexation by Bulgaria of the greater part of Thrace. Still less did the treaty contemplate this annexation being assisted by a large Servian Army. Again, if the test of race be taken, according to the Turkish official statistics, in two of these Cazas—namely, Monastir and Gevgeli—the most numerous section of the population is Greek, Mussulmans being second, and Bulgars third. These statistics were drawn up under the administration of the Committee of Union and Progress, with a view to the elections; and, therefore, if they err at all, they certainly do not err in favor of the Greeks.

The writer of the article then goes on to uphold the principle of nationalities, and to suggest that this should be the guiding principle in the distribution of European Turkey among the various claimants. He applies this principle to the case of Greece, and finally suggests that Cyprus should be given to Greece "on the understanding that Greece withdraws her claims to territory which is *properly Albanian or Bulgarian*"—the italicising is mine. Now, I have just returned from the Near East, and I think that I am correct in saying that Greece would welcome any such proposal, for she has been, and is, a most persistent advocate of the doctrine of nationalities; but I do not think that the result, if this proposal be carried into effect, will be to benefit either Bulgaria or Albania territorially. Leaving aside the question of the Ægean Islands, about which there can be no question, let us apply the test of nationalities to the mainland territories of European Turkey at present occupied by Greece and Bulgaria respectively; and, in order to be impartial, let us again refer to the Turkish official statistics of the population. We find that of the territory occupied by Greece, only one Caza, the Caza of Avret-Hissar, shows a Bulgarian majority and a Greek minority—this is the Caza which lies directly North of Salonica. We find, moreover, that in the whole vilayet of Salonica, the Greeks outnumber the Bulgars by almost three to two, and most of the latter are confined to the North of the Sandjak of Serres, so that Greece, if she were Chauvinistic, might well claim the whole vilayet on the ground of nationality. What do we find, on the other hand, when we turn to the territory occupied by Bulgaria? All the Cazas in Thrace which will become Bulgarian, except three on the borders of Bulgaria and the Caza of Dedegatch, show a Greek majority of something like two to one, and the territory occupied by her in Southern Macedonia, with the exception of the district North of Salonica, also shows a large Greek majority. In the face of these statistics, does the writer of the article still contend that Greece has no good claim to the hinterland toward Serres, when Bulgaria claims the Sandjaks of Adrianople and Drama, which, but for the Mussulman population, are (except as to the Caza of Mustapha Pasha) almost entirely Greek? These statistics do not cover the whole of Northern Epirus (or Southern Albania) now occupied by Greece, but the Caza of Koritza is included as part of Macedonia. In the whole Caza Mussulmans outnumber Greeks by about nine to seven; half, however, of these Mussulmans are not Albanians but Turks, who have already expressed a preference to be included in Greece rather than to be made Albanians. The statement that Koritza hardly contains a single family of Greek race seems a little rash, unless aspirants to membership of that race must trace their descent for over 2,000 years. As a matter of fact, at least one-half of the population of Koritza

is commonly called Greek, and it happens to be a city which has been particularly fruitful in the past in Greek public benefactors, such as Arsakes, Sinas, Tositza, Resares, and others whose munificent bequests to their country are now standing monuments of their patriotism in Athens.

Can it, with justice, be alleged that Greece is guilty of "discreditable delays," and that she is losing in "moral prestige" when she merely wishes to safeguard her just claims, based on the principle of nationalities, before signing a treaty which may do irreparable wrong to thousands of her rightful lieges? Again, Serbia, even if she has no adequate personal ground for delaying to sign the treaty, though it does not appear that the promised Adriatic port has yet been assigned to her, is only showing her loyalty to Greece in backing her up at the present time. When Bulgaria stood out in regard to her demands in Thrace at the last Conference, both Serbia and Greece showed their loyalty in supporting her, and now she should respond to like loyal sentiments and support Greece's demands.

The idea that loss of life in a war should be taken as the standard for reckoning the value of services rendered is surely a false principle, for a large proportion of killed in battle is often a sign of bad generalship.—Yours, &c.,

EOTHEN.

[It is surprising that anyone who knows the East should suggest that Turkish statistics—and, above all, Young Turkish statistics—are likely to be either impartial or accurate. But if our correspondent trusts these figures, what does he make of the fact that they allow no Servian population whatever in the Monastir region, which Serbia claims? The statements in the article were based on personal knowledge gained during some six months spent in constant travel among the villages round Monastir, Ochrida, Koritza, and Castoria. Personal observation showed that North of Castoria no single Greek village exists (taking the mother-tongue as the test), nor is there any Turkish population whatever in Koritza, or indeed anywhere in Albania, save a few civil servants, who are birds of passage. The statistics which show a large "Greek" population in Albania and Central Macedonia may be more or less truthful, but the word "Greek" in this context means simply a member of the Greek Orthodox Church. One might as well claim the Servians, or even the Russians, as "Greeks." With regard to Salonica, the extreme South of the vilayet, and especially Chalcidice, is certainly Greek, and the town of Serres is partly, perhaps mainly, Greek, but it is an island amid Bulgarian villages. With regard to Thrace, THE NATION argued, while its fate was uncertain, that only the North of it should be annexed to Bulgaria, while the rest should be converted into an autonomous province. To give a largely Greek Thrace to Bulgaria, while allotting a mainly Bulgarian Monastir to Serbia, is the worst of all possible partitions. It should be remembered in discussing the fate of Koritza and Southern Albania generally, that the non-Albanian minority is not Greek but Vlach, and that the Austro-Italian scheme proposes to give it separate recognition and the status of a nationality, with its own official language and separate schools.—ED., NATION.]

THE RIGHT OF CAPTURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When Admiral Bridge writes of an ex-Lord Chancellor that "he does not understand, and indeed knows nothing about," a subject to which he has given great attention, a mere man of business is emboldened to intervene, reflecting that no worse can be said of him than the Admiral has said of Lord Loreburn. The Admiral says that "all the conventions and agreements that men can devise would not affect in the smallest degree the capture of an enemy's merchant vessels, if the capturing belligerent believed that it would help him to be the winner in the war." If this statement is true, it follows that international agreements are waste paper, and it is difficult to understand why Admiral Bridge has "long been of opinion that contraband of war might be reduced as regards the number of articles or materials." Of what use are international definitions of contraband when, according to the Admiral, they will always be ignored by belligerents when it suits them? Are not belligerents "like that" when dealing with contraband?

May I be allowed to submit reasons for believing that

an agreement to abolish the right of capture of non-contraband private property at sea, and restricting contraband much more severely than at present, would be respected by belligerents?

1. Our customary phraseology with regard to international sea-borne commerce gives rise to grave misunderstanding. We speak of our enormous "British" trade, or of the vast "German" trade, and forget that all this trade is reciprocal. Our Navy cannot protect our trade without protecting German trade, French trade, United States trade, Argentine trade, Russian trade—the trade of all the nations with whom we do business. The German Navy is also necessary to protect German trade, but it cannot do so without protecting ours as well. In fact, the one essential is that each navy should neutralise the other, and the only real protection they can give to either country's trade is to keep each other out of the way.

2. The difficulty of ascertaining to what nation sea-borne property belongs is very great. Ask the captain of a British grain-laden ship leaving a Black Sea port, where he will deliver his cargo. In all probability he will not know, nor will the owners know. While he is passing up the Mediterranean his cargo is being sold, and until he gets to Gibraltar he will not know whether he is to go to Bristol, to London, to Dunkirk, to Bremen, to Rotterdam, or to Hamburg. And in all probability the merchants dealing with the cargo are cosmopolitan, with houses in London, Frankfurt, Paris, and New York.

3. Consider the international operation of insurance. The Chairman of Lloyds' announced to an international conference at Copenhagen, a few days since, that although our courts would not enforce enemy claims on British insurers, the latter would undoubtedly meet them, so that the belligerent admirals who are "like that" would merely be inflicting a loss on their compatriots.

Another most interesting example of international interdependence is the recent mutual insurance arrangement between the great British and German lines, although I believe that insurance does not include war risk.

From these and kindred considerations I deduce that an agreement to abolish the right of capture would be an immense relief to all nations, and that, being based on universal convenience, it would be universally respected.

No doubt, all limitations of the barbarity of war are illogical and absurd; but they are not so illogical and absurd as war itself.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. WRIGHT.

Lloyds', May 26th, 1913.

AUSTRIA AND MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think that I can best answer your question by another: "What would Gladstone say if he were alive?"

In my humble opinion, we have done a very un-English thing in deference to the plain threat of Austria to force a European war unless she could have her way in the creation of an "autonomous" Albania. Also, what becomes of the Prime Minister's assurance that England would not allow the Allies to be deprived of the fruits of victory?—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

Hampstead, May 28th, 1913.

SOCIAL ORDER AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Stutfield, in your issue of the 24th inst., has placed himself, by his letter, in a delightfully ironical position. Presumably, he would not dare to deny the moral right of women to higher education, unless he is prepared to proclaim himself the entire Eastern in his view of their proper position in our Western world; and yet he complains that this higher education has produced the Feminist Movement. (Feminist is a term of opprobrium as he writes it!) He says, in effect, that that women's minds should be opened, and their brains trained to consider matters outside the school book, is illegitimate and unfair. His politics are evidently something so fixed that he falls under the Gilbertian label:—

"born into this world alive,

Either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative," and considers he is being cheated if his daughters are enabled to get away from this hereditary yoke.

I think he would find it very difficult to demonstrate that the "frame of mind which begins by regarding man as a brute, &c.," is in any way the root of the feminist movement. The greatest value of scholastic education is the effect produced upon the minds of the recipients, and not the actual acquirement of knowledge. Education which has been grudgingly doled out to women during the last two generations has produced a frame of mind which sees a light and leading, and can recognise that there is work to do which only women can do, and that it is impossible for them to carry out such work without the necessary implement. The "youthful, cultured pétroleuse" knows that she is not fighting for herself, but for those of her sisters whom our "British ideals and traditions" have always treated as poor trash. History has taught her this cannot be gained by reason, but only by coercion. Unselfish devotion to a high ideal, such as only the finest men in all the ages have been capable of and have been moved by, and not "fevered blood, infected" is the great impulse urging on this spirit-stirring social reform.

It is a pity so many opponents of liberty do not recognise that they should spell British with a "u." Brutish bigotry is a fair paraphrase for Mr. Stutfield's "British ideals and traditions."—Yours, &c.,

PERCY ADAMS.

14, Vernon Road, Edgbaston,

May 28th, 1913.

SYNGE AND THE IRISH THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct a slight inaccuracy in your kind announcement of my forthcoming essay on "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre," in your issue of May 17th (p. 274: "The World of Books")! The book which Messrs. Constable will publish in September is not, as you state, a translation from the French, but has been originally written in English; the French version is still on the stocks, and will appear only later.—Yours, &c.,

MAURICE BOURGEOIS.

Playgoers' Club, 20, Cranbourn Street, W.C.

May 22nd, 1913.

PROFESSIONAL WORKERS AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your editorial on the Insurance Act mentions its unequal pressure on the slenderest incomes, but entirely overlooks the unequal pressure on the lowly paid of the benevolent professions. The assistant of the medical man, with a twenty-four-hour day, the overworked and underpaid chemist-assistant, and the underpaid nurse, are all called upon for extra and onerous additional duties under this compulsory, servile Act, and not a single penny-piece is being paid for these additional services. These people mentioned above bear the brunt of the cheap work of the Act and are entitled to direct consideration.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES D. HALSTEAD.

13, Ormerod Road, Burnley.

May 26th, 1913.

Poetry.

THE DEAD YOUTH.

AN ALBANIAN FOLKSONG.

OVER the grave where a lad lies dead,
A black raven sang, and said:
"Ye passers-by, that come and go,
His dear mother must not know.
Tell her not that he is dead,
Tell her that the lad is wed.
With what woman doth he rest?
He took two bullets to his breast.
The black earth is his marriage bed,
A stone the pillow 'neath his head.
What women came and sang songs o'er him?
The fowls of the air and the crows that tore him.
Oh! weeping mother, be brave, be brave,
Thy boy in truth is in his grave."

Translated by M. E. DURHAM.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of John Bright." By G. M. Trevelyan. (Constable. 15s. net.)
- "Prestige: A Psychological Study of Social Estimates." By Lewis Leopold. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life of Sir Harry Vane, the Younger." By John Willcock. (Saint Catherine Press. 10s. net.)
- "Other Days: Recollections of Rural England and Old Virginia (1860-1800)." By A. G. Bradley. (Constable, 8s. 6d. net.)
- "A Short History of English Liberalism." By W. Lyon Blease. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Elizabeth Blount and Henry the Eighth." By W. S. Child-Pemberton. (Nash. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Ottoman Empire (1801-1913)." By William Miller. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist." By H. W. Dickinson. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Men Around the Kaiser." By F. W. Wile. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
- "The Christian Tradition and its Verification." By T. R. Glover. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Rhesus of Euripides." Translated by Gilbert Murray. (Allen. 2s. net.)
- "Sons and Lovers." By D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth. 6s.)
- "Unpath'd Waters." By Frank Harris. (Lane. 6s.)
- "Le Génie de Flaubert. Par Jules de Gaultier. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Temoins de Jours Passés." Deuxième Série. Par E. Lamy. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Chateau-Bonheur." Roman. Par B. du Plessis. (Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50.)

A SURVEY of recent developments in the world of books is one of the features in "The Britannica Year-Book," a new annual volume supplementary to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which Mr. Hugh Chisholm is the editor. Judging from what the various writers have to say, English literature is more vigorous and holds out a greater promise of future achievement than is the case with any of its neighbors. Mr. Secombe, who deals with this subject, believes that "the poetic soil of England has exhibited an unexpected richness" as shown in the works of Mr. Masfield, Mr. Davies, and Mr. De La Mare, and he is also appreciative of the fruits of the Irish movement. He assigns the primacy in fiction to Mr. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett, and he cites "The New Machiavelli" and "Clayhanger" as "representative of their writers and of the full-blooded and realistic manner which holds its own far better in England than elsewhere in Europe." Other established favorites in literary fiction have, in Mr. Secombe's opinion, done nothing notable to add to their reputation within the last couple of years, though in Professor L. P. Jacks, Mr. J. P. Beresford, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, he sees new writers of promise and originality.

PROSE literature outside of fiction is, we are assured, showing many signs of vitality. "The tendency most worthy of remark upon the confines of the novel proper has been the unceasingly sincere and sympathetic interpretation of the life, thought, and habit of the predominant poor," as exhibited by such men as Mr. George Bourne, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and Mr. Stephen Reynolds. Criticism, it is true, receives little attention from the public, but the work of our critics "has been of a high order and has lost little, perhaps gained in certain respects, by the fact that it is done in demi-obscure." History is in a stronger position, and Mr. Secombe is able to point to several works of the highest rank, among them Professor Bury's "History of the Eastern Empire from Irene to Basil I.," the completion of Gardiner's "Protectorate" by Professor Firth, and Mr. Herbert Fisher's "priceless little memoir of the great 'Napoleon.'" Mr. Secombe closes his survey of historical literature with the remark that "England has experienced a doubtful gain in the accession of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the ranks of her historians."

AMONG other promising literary signs in this country, Mr. Secombe notes "the steadily increasing excellence of such small manuals" as those of the "Home University Library," to which we may now add "The Nation's Library" just inaugurated by Messrs. Collins. But he ends by draw-

ing attention to a dangerous tendency in the world of books of which we have often written in these columns.

"Among the general tendencies of the commerce of books the comparative absence of really good books about books and their authors has been hardly less marked than the excessive duplication and reduplication of color topographies, anthologies, nature and open-air books, books of maxims, books on education and military science, expanded centenary articles, and heavily padded memoirs, many of these last by complete amateurs, most of them useless and nearly all of them quite superfluous. Book society, like that of the *beau monde*, has increased beyond self-knowledge. The publishers are probably right in maintaining that the career of more than half the books now issued is made, not by the ability of the authors, but by the vague appetite for new books stimulated, if not created, by their own cleverness in tuning the public. As the tendency of the age is certainly not to increase the amount of time devoted to reading, the position of the printed book approximates more and more to that of the periodical. Books tend to become less and less carefully differentiated and assessed, less cherished, and a good deal more transitory, both in their appeal and their impact, than they were a quarter of a century ago."

TURNING to British colonial literature, we learn from Mr. Frank Fox that while Australian letters suffer from diffused energy, the observer may see the beginnings of a characteristic Australian literature, reflecting the temper of the Australian people.

"A hedonistic joy in life, a disrespect for authority, a wit tinged with cruelty, a freakish humor founded on wild exaggeration—these are the qualities which outcrop most often in exploring the fields of contemporary Australian literature. There is to be found, too, a tinge of mystic melancholy, a sense of bitterness—a loving bitterness—inspired by the harsh realities of life in the 'Bush,' where Nature makes great demands on human endurance before permitting her conquest, but enslaves her wooers by her very cruelty."

Australia does not suffer from any dearth of writers. Out of a population of less than five millions, there are, Mr. Fox believes, at least one hundred minor poets of some skill and originality, and almost an equal number of prose writers of some distinction. All these have something to distinguish them from British or American writers of the same class, but their number does not include any commanding figures.

THE English section of Canadian letters seems to be concentrating on history and sociology, and Mr. Burpee reports that, as regards purely imaginative literature, the output in Canada within the last few years contains little worthy of record. Mr. Wood is more sanguine about French-Canadian literature, and mentions one or two poets—Albert Lozeau and Paul Morin—who may yet produce something truly great. American literature, according to Mr. Boynton, continues to impress "by its mass rather than its details." There is a general rise in the level of craftsmanship, but "the disheartening thing is the vast number of books now published which are good or almost good." The most noticeable tendency is a general accession of interest in the art of the playwright, and a number of young authors have made progress towards a drama of sincerity and power.

FRESH literary developments receive greater attention on the other side of the Channel than they do in this country; Madame Duclaux assures us that "since 1909 the progress of the Idealist Renaissance in France has changed the character of its literature." Unlike Gautier, the younger men are writers for whom the invisible world exists, and they occupy themselves mainly with the interior sphere. M. Maurice Barrès, with his national traditionalism, gives the *mot d'ordre* to this school, which includes, with some differences, such men as M. René Boylesse, M. Alphonse de Chateaubriand, and M. André Lafon. The refined and philosophic scepticism of M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaitre still lingers, but Madame Duclaux does not see any younger writers on their track. German literature has entered on a course not altogether unlike that which France is following, and Professor Robertson declares that "it may now be said that realism is virtually a thing of the past in Germany." Its place as an active force has been taken by the influence of Nietzsche. This, says Professor Robertson, keeps German writers in touch with the needs and demands of the actual life of the present, and prevents the literature of to-day "from losing itself in the clouds of an unworldly idealism."

Reviews.

AN IDYLL OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.

"Colette Baudouche: Histoire d'une jeune fille de Metz."
Par MAURICE BARRÈS. (Paris: Juven. 3fr. 50.)

"COLETTE BAUDOUCHE" is a charming little volume of political realism in the form of a romance. It is as fresh to-day as at its first publication, and as suggestive of reflection on the Alsace-Lorraine question—the fundamental problem of the recent discussion at Berne, of a Franco-German *entente*. The report of those proceedings in which two hundred and twenty-four French, German, and Alsatian delegates took part, might be compared to a footnote (though a copious one) on M. Barrès's story. So it must have seemed to M. Marcel Sembat when, as the Conference was about to assemble, he delivered himself to the following effect: "Do you believe Colette said her last word? I cannot. And as for that right good fellow, Dr. Asmus, whom we love as much as we do *la petite Colette*, he's not far off, you may be sure. We shall see them married yet—a symbol of Franco-German reconciliation." M. Sembat is Deputy for the Seine, a prominent Republican, an excellent speaker and writer, and an originator of the first Franco-German inter-Parliamentary Conference.

Colette and the Prussian professor, Dr. Asmus, are respectively the heroine and the hero of the story. Colette lives with her grandmother, Madame Baudouche, in an old quarter of Metz. They let lodgings. A polite, dignified French Lorrainer of the old order, with strong prejudices against "Messieurs les Prussiens," Madame Baudouche is reluctant to let her rooms to the outlandish, unpolished (though kindly mannered, besides handsome and stalwart) German teacher, a newcomer, appointed to a high school in the city. But for economic reasons, Madame yields, and Dr. Asmus becomes her tenant. There are amusing descriptions of the professor's heavy mistakes in the social proprieties, and of *Madoiselle's* airy, sunshiny way of passing them over. Unconsciously, with the lapse of time, Colette and Dr. Asmus influence each other intellectually and spiritually, so that they acquire, for the first time in their lives, an insight into the genius of their respective nations. Dr. Asmus discovers that he is head and ears in love with Colette. He asks her to marry him. Colette, who has learnt to appreciate her Prussian, begs for some little time to think over the matter. Finally, she tells him she "cannot marry a Prussian." And with that desolating sentence ringing in his ears, Dr. Asmus vanishes from the scene, and the story abruptly winds up.

Why, then, should M. Sembat believe that the idyll is unfinished? With the ardent advocate of Franco-German reconciliation, was the wish father to the thought? And what is M. Barrès's own conviction? And is Colette's "No" as naturally evolved from the story as the fruit from its tree? It is an interesting question. For no one would call the distinguished Academician and prominent Member of the Legislature a Germanophile. M. Barrès belongs to the mixed class of politicians known as Nationalists, as Patriotic Leaguers, who dream of the recovery of "our lost provinces." Their extreme wing is composed of the group of the "Revanche," who, in numbers that fall off year by year, muster periodically at the Strassbourg Statue, in the Place de la Concorde, to applaud Déroulède's harangue. Yet this M. Barrès, a patriot of the patriots, who abhors the very mention of the Treaty of Frankfurt and is so merciless in his delineation of "Teutonic" *gaucherie* and arrogance, has created, in his Prussian professor, one of the most attractive characters in contemporary fiction—just such a character as is needful, on the German side, for the burying of the hatchet between two great nations, both of them indispensable for the world's moral and intellectual progress. "Colette Baudouche" is the Alsace-Lorraine question in the form of a novel. But in writing it, M. Barrès threw off the party politician's rôle for the greater part of the artist, of the psychologist, the observer of human nature. The Academician-patriot begins by laughing at his Prussian professor. He ends by loving him, and making his readers love him. And, what is more, he declares that there are in Germany many people just like Dr. Asmus. It is the opinion of the

clever, witty, *spirituelle*, charming Colette, French to her finger-tips, who also began by laughing at the Prussian and ended by loving him. Clearly, Colette and her Prussian are on the high road to the marriage which, for M. Barrès's readers, would symbolise the reconciliation between Germany and France, when, just at the end of the tale, and in a passion of impersonal exaltation, naturally springing from a moving accident of the moment, Colette abruptly tells him: "Je ne peux pas vous épouser." Without a word, and with the dignity of a gentleman, Colette's Prussian disappears. Colette, her creator remarks, perceives it is not a personal question—"mais une question française." Elsewhere, he speaks of Colette as if she were one of *le grand Corneille's* heroines (somewhat priggish heroines, M. Barrès, sacrificing themselves to abstractions, boring the reader with their perpetual appeal to "ma gloire"). But one must feel that the end of the volume is not—or according to the artistic and psychologic content of the book, ought not to be—the end of Colette and Frederic's romance. For Colette, when she said "Je ne peux pas vous épouser," was spell-bound by the touching and imposing service, celebrated in the Cathedral of Metz, to the memory of the soldiers slain in the war: an annual rite, maintained by "les Dames de Metz," a small body of survivors of 1870, venerated in Alsace-Lorraine. Colette's emotion was no less inevitable than overpowering. But, all the same, its nature, or at any rate its intensity, was transitory. From the dramatic point of view, it did not justify the extinction of an attachment that, founded on admiration for an essentially fine character, had been steadily growing up. So it seems as if our prophet, M. Maurice Sembat, has sound reasons for the faith that is in him. Colette and her Prussian are bound to get married, says the Republican Deputy for the Department of the Seine, rejoicing over his literary symbol of conciliation between Germany and France.

Nor is it easy to see how M. Barrès himself, if he sticks to the canons of his art, can escape the same conclusion. For the moral of his story is that the two nations concerned are the less likely to quarrel with each other the more they know of each other, through literature, or through personal intercourse: a moral familiar as any well-worn commonplace, but here presented dramatically, and with the fascination of a wonderful style. Through Colette, the Prussian professor understands and appreciates the simplicity, dignity, orderliness, reasonableness, humaneness of the French spirit. Through the Prussian professor, Colette realises the solidity, the depth, the honesty, the conscientiousness of the German nature. Differently from certain "Pan-Germanists" among his colleagues of the teaching staff, Dr. Asmus comes not only to recognise the natural right of the annexed populations to live their lives in their own way, but to denounce as a crime any attempt to "Germanise" them. The French Patriotic Leaguer's sympathy with "the Prussian" is in every way admirable. He makes ruthless fun of the raw, tactless pedagogue, the latest arrival among the German immigrants, who now form the majority (even without the garrison) of the population of Metz, but he sees that the doctor's is a heart of gold, and that his violations of the social proprieties and of good taste are but superficial defects, removable as the dust on a statue.

A few short quotations will show how Colette, representing France and her native Lorraine, and Dr. Asmus representing Germany, have learned to appreciate each other's nationalities, and view the problem which the parliamentarians at Berne have just been discussing. "C'est elle qui me tire le rideau de la beauté française," Asmus reflects, in gratitude to Colette. And when her old grandmother, Madame Baudouche, speaks in disparagement of the Germans, Colette makes the excuse that Madame is a little tired out with her walk, that she does not mean to be unjust or unkind, that she recognises the sterling qualities of the German people, but that she lived in the days of the French régime—"mais elle a vécu au temps français." But Colette herself loves to dream of the days before the war, and Colette's Prussian lover promptly replies that his own father in Germany is such another as Madame Baudouche; but, says he, "I hope, when I go home on my holiday, to convince him that this land is different from what he thinks, and that for us immigrants, this land is the land of hope"—"et que pour nous autres Allemands, c'est la terre de l'espérance." When certain zealots among

his colleagues would force their pupils to study German in place of their native French, Asmus indignantly protests. You will, he says, maim them for life, "Voilà! donc un estropié pour la vie." Asmus protests that he is loyally serving his native Germany by making the most of what is best in Alsace-Lorraine, and reminds his less sympathetic colleagues of Goethe's and Schiller's remark that the German dough would be none the worse for a little French leaven. These provinces, Colette's Prussian lover reflects, "have been bled to exhaustion, for most of those who would have been the flower of their population have abandoned them. It is for us, who have annexed them, to renew their strength; entering upon our inheritance, let us submit ourselves to the genius of our new country." But while he reasons thus with himself, Asmus remains a German through and through, proud of his race. In the language of present-day politics, Asmus's ideal would be an autonomous Alsace-Lorraine—in the Empire, of course, yet living her own life in her own way, on a footing of equality with the other constituent States of the Empire, and becoming, as it were, a golden bridge between the Gaul and the Teuton.

Yes; but what do the people of Alsace-Lorraine themselves think? The answer is, the meeting of the Berne Conference, the first of its kind in Franco-German history. Writers in the daily press seem to imagine that the project of a conference originated with the Swiss. It originated with the people of Alsace-Lorraine, who, some months since, after a sort of informal referendum—of which little or nothing was heard in the press—gave their solemn decision against war under any pretence whatsoever, and expressed their desire for such a settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question as, while satisfying the two provinces, would reconcile French sentiment with German overlordship, and thereby remove a most formidable obstacle to the establishment of permanent peace in Europe. Nor should it be forgotten that the German Government itself, rather more than two years ago, spontaneously made the first advance in the direction of autonomy. Except among a small and dwindling minority, the idea of a war of *revanche* has died out in France. The rising democracy of Germany would bestow the most liberal measure of self-government on the people of Alsace-Lorraine.

Throughout the ages of their inclusion in the German Empire, Alsace and Lorraine were governed by their own dukes, princes, bishops, and local magnates. They had Home Rule. Of mixed Celtic and Alemannic descent, German their inhabitants were, politically, until the end of the Thirty Years' War, and until 1681, when Louis XIV., in time of peace, and by an act of treachery, annexed Strassbourg. To this day, they speak German—eighty per cent. of them, according to French and German statistics. Bismarck well knew their ardent attachment to the France from which, by a lapse into barbarism, he wrenched them. But he hoped, so he said, that, after a generation or two of good government, they would be won over to "their" Fatherland. Forty-three years of peace have assuaged the passions of 1870; and French officers and soldiers, veterans of the war, have stood by while the German Emperor, grandson of the conqueror, at commemoration days, on the old battlefields, has reverently associated the fallen heroes of France with their former antagonists, both now at rest, side by side, in mother earth.

FROM WHIG TO LIBERAL.

"The Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell." Edited by his son, ROLLO RUSSELL. (Unwin. Two vols. 21s. net.)

THESE two volumes are delightful and interesting reading. Lord John Russell was enough of a child of his age to begin life early, and as the boy was as natural as the man, his letters and sallies and amusements and jolly and sincere way of looking on life give a charm and vivacity to his boyhood which are not always to be found in the youth of great men. One of the first letters published in these volumes was written when he was fourteen to his aunt:—

"You have been so good as to excuse the ill-humor expressed in my last letter, but I cannot easily forgive myself for it. I cannot at present recollect what it was made me so cross, whether it was that I had a quarrel with Mrs. —

about making us eat the pudding before the meat, or whether it was that having attempted to take a book from Mrs. — library I found myself so covered with dust and cobwebs that I could not see to write good-humoredly; or that I found such a quantity of spiders, earwigs, and lady-birds in my bedroom that I had run downstairs bewildered and half crazy; or that—but I believe the real cause of my displeasure was much more important, nothing less than my despair of seeing you for some time—"

Lord John Russell's education was not on the conventional lines of his class. He was at Westminster for a short time. There he was his brother's fag, and when they were men his brother was still pursued by remorse for the severity, real or imagined, which he had shown as employer. But he was not left long at Westminster, and for some time he was taught by Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom and brother of the reformer. Later, he was sent, not to one of the English universities (for his father had come to the conclusion from the fate of Tavistock, his brother, that "nothing was learned at the English universities"), but to Edinburgh, where he soon found himself in congenial surroundings in the Speculative Society. But, in other respects, he was brought up in the approved way. He was taken abroad by the Hollands (and the third Lord Holland was a very different companion for a youth on his travels from the first), and encouraged to have an opinion on every topic in politics or literature.

He was fourteen when Fox died, and he wrote of that event that it deprived England of more mental energy than will perhaps be united again in one man for many, many years. Of Melville's acquittal, a little earlier, he wrote: "What a pity that he who steals a penny loaf should be hung, whilst he who steals thousands of the public money should be acquitted." In 1810, he wrote a review for private use, of which several numbers still exist, called "The Whig Register," and in one article he discussed Parliamentary Reform, suggesting that a beginning should be made with a Bill for Triennial Parliaments, and that it should be followed by a Bill on Pitt's lines for buying some of the boroughs, and that the franchise should be extended to Manchester and Birmingham. His Spanish travels made him a warm friend, like Lord Holland, to the cause of the liberation of the Peninsula, and he was very critical of the line followed by Grey.

It was some time before he could make up his mind whether politics or literature were to be the main business of his life. He was a prolific author. In the ten years between 1819 and 1829, he published (1) the "Life of William, Lord Russell"; (2) "Essays and Sketches on Life and Character"; (3) "An Essay on the History of the English Constitution"; (4) "The Nun of Arrouca: a Tale"; (5) "Don Carlos: a Tragedy"; (6) "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht"; (7) "A Translation of the Fifth Book of the Odyssey"; (8) "The Establishment of the Turks in Europe"; (9) "An Imitation of the Thirteenth Satire of Juvenal." All these he published. In addition, he wrote a great number of poems, farces, and monographs. He did not always receive very much encouragement for his literary efforts, as we learn from the letter he wrote to Moore, who was one of his most frequent correspondents:—

"I am delighted to find you like my Odyssey after all. You damped me much before you read it by saying that nobody cared for Homer nowadays, and Lord Holland more by declaring against, after he had read it, for just the opposite reason; because he likes Homer so much he thinks nobody can do him justice. All that I could get him to say was that if the Odyssey was translated in a different metre from mine and by a different person it might do."

These volumes have a great personal interest on account of Lord John Russell's lovable character; they possess also a great political interest as illustrating the early politics of the man who was the chief bridge between the Whigs and the Liberals. Lord John was born the month before the September massacres, and he died just before the Midlothian campaign. The mind of the Whigs, in whose world he started, is very well revealed in an interesting letter written by Lord Holland to Lord John, in reply to some criticisms of Grey in 1810:—

"The question of peace or war is in its nature constantly varying. It is in general and certainly at this moment a question of prudence and expediency, not of principle. To say that a man is inconsistent for supporting war at one time, and urging peace at another, is to maintain that human conduct

is not to be guided by human events. I remember my Uncle used to urge as one of his objections to continuing this war, that the continuation of it had a natural tendency to produce a state of things in which neither party could honorably or safely make peace. Whether that time has arrived or not I do not mean to argue, nor whether Grey thinks it has arrived, but this I maintain in sound logic, if it is arrived in any man's judgment, that man cannot be taunted with a dereliction of principle for having urged peace formerly to prevent its occurrence and for deprecating peace when it has occurred. But the fact is that many of our friends have a twist on this subject: the Revolution War, as well as the American War, was a war of principle. It was a war against the right of a nation to choose its own government, and for that reason, and that reason only, all friends of liberty and Whigs as such were bound to oppose it. The present war on its commencement, was, in my mind, yet more foolish and unnecessary than the last, but it never involved the question of liberty or Whiggism, unless indeed in Spain, where Bonaparte is waging a war on the same diabolical principles (or even a little worse) as the Courts of Austria and Prussia in 1793. There is nothing inconsistent with Whiggism in waging a defensive or an offensive war with Bonaparte, it may be inconsistent with good sense or even with humanity (and if it is unnecessary it certainly is so), but it has nothing to do with the principles of general liberty or the tenets of the Whig party in England.

To return, however, to reform. I can only say that that part of Grey's speech seemed to me, when I heard it, to be admirable; that the notion of a reform being a cure for all our evils has always appeared, and does now appear, to me to be a very foolish delusion; and that the only reason for which I wish for a reform is because the House of Commons has lost its influence with the people, not because I think a new mode of choosing them would make them either wiser, better, or more independent than they are, or than it did the only time it was tried in Cromwell's time. . . . A certain disposition to reform of Parliament, and no alarm at it if the present mode be found to be inadequate to ensure the confidence and enforce the will of the people, I allow to be essential in a good Whig. . . .

It is interesting to compare this confession of faith with the declaration of a Whig who led his followers into Pitt's camp in the war. The Duke of Portland, writing to Windham in 1794, defined the Whigs as persons of independent minds and fortunes "formed and connected together by their belief in the principles upon which the Revolution of 1688 was founded and perfected, and by the attachment to the present form of our Government, to all its Establishments and Orders, Religious and Civil."

The Whigs had thus received a new character from the policy adopted by Fox and Grey in 1793. Originally, a party representing the great families against the Crown, they had become a party with a definite foreign policy and a sense much less definite of the necessity for setting up some sympathy between Parliament and the unrepresented mass of the nation. Lord John Russell developed both these instincts in the party, and the policy he pursued during the Italian Wars of Independence was the connecting link between the Fox Party of 1793 and the Midlothian campaign. The leading part he was given in the promotion of the Reform Bill symbolises his interest in the other side of the new Whig policy. Very few of his colleagues looked with any hope or inspiration to the prospect of more popular government in England, and Grey's horror of the Radicals is continually bursting out in the letters published in these volumes. In these circumstances and in this atmosphere, it was a great achievement of Lord John's that he was able to keep a comparatively open mind. He was probably the best and most generous influence in the councils of the early Liberal Governments. He could not save Melbourne's Government from the everlasting infamy of the Dorchester transportations, but nobody did more to prepare the slow and cautious Whig mind for the light of Liberal ideas.

THE MADNESS OF STRINDBERG.

"August Strindberg: The Spirit of Revolt. Studies and Impressions." By L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY. (Stanley Paul. 6s. net.)

"Plays." By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Vols. I. and II. (Duckworth. 6s. each.)

THE mirror that Strindberg held up to Nature was a cracked one. It was cracked in a double sense—it was crazy. It gave back broken images of a world which it made look like the chaos of a lunatic dream. Miss Lind-af-Hageby, in her popular biography of Strindberg, is too intent upon saying what can be said in his defence to make a serious attempt to analyse the secret of genius which is implicit in those

"115 plays, novels, collections of stories, essays, and poems" which will be gathered into the complete edition of his works shortly to be published in Sweden. The biography will undoubtedly supply the need of that part of the public which has no time to read Strindberg, but has plenty of time to read about him. It will give them a capably potted Strindberg, and will tell them quietly and briefly much that he himself has told violently and at length in "The Son of a Servant," "The Confession of a Fool," and, indeed, in nearly everything he wrote. On the other hand, Miss Lind's book has little value as an interpretation. She does not do much to clear up the reasons which have made the writings of this mad Swede matter of interest in every civilised country in the world. She does, indeed, quote the remark of Gorki, who, at the time of Strindberg's death, compared him to the ancient Danubian hero, Danko, "who, in order to help humanity out of the darkness of problems, tore his heart out of his breast, lit it, and, holding it high, led the way." "Strindberg," the author declares, "patiently burnt his heart for the illumination of the people, and on the day when his body was laid low in the soil, the flame of his self-immolation was seen, pure and inextinguishable." We protest this will not do. "Patiently" is impossible; so is "pure and inextinguishable." Strindberg was at once a man of genius (and therefore noble) and a creature of doom (and therefore to be pitied). But to sum him up as a spontaneous martyr in the greatest of great causes is to do injustice to language and to the lives of the saints and heroes. He was a martyr, of course, in the sense in which we call a man a martyr to toothache. He suffered; but too many of his sufferings were due, not to tenderness of soul, but to tenderness of nerves.

Other artists lay hold upon life through an exceptional sensibility. Strindberg laid hold on life through an exceptional excitability—even an exceptional irritability. In his plays, novels, and essays alike, he is a specialist in the jars of existence. He magnified even the smallest worries until they assumed mountainous proportions. He was the kind of man who, if something went wrong with the kitchen boiler, felt that the Devil and all his angels had been loosed upon him, as upon the righteous Job, with at least the acquiescence of Heaven. He seems to have regarded the unsatisfactoriness of a servant as a scarcely less tremendous evil than the infidelity of a wife. If you wish to see into what follies of exaggeration Strindberg's want of the sense of proportion led him, you cannot do better than turn to those pages in "Zones of the Spirit" (as the English translation of his "Blue Book" is called), in which he tells us about his domestic troubles at the time of the rehearsals of "The Dream Play."

"My servant left me; my domestic arrangements were upset; within forty days I had six changes of servants—one worse than the other. At last I had to serve myself, lay the table, and light the stove. I ate black broken victuals out of a basket. In short, I had to taste the whole bitterness of life without knowing why."

Much as we may sympathise with a victim of the servant difficulty—and we heartily do so—we cannot but regard the last sentence as, in the vulgar phrase, rather a tall order. But it becomes taller still before Strindberg has done with it.

"Then came the dress-rehearsal of 'The Dream Play.' This drama I wrote seven years ago, after a period of forty days' suffering which were among the worst which I had ever undergone. And now again exactly forty days of fasting and pain had passed. There seemed, therefore, to be a secret legislature which promulgates clearly defined sentences. I thought of the forty days of the Flood, the forty years of wandering in the desert, the forty days' fast kept by Moses, Elijah, and Christ."

There you have Strindberg's secret. His work seems to us to be, for the most part, simply the dramatisation of the conflict between man and the irritations of life. The chief of these is, of course, woman. But the lesser irritations never disappear from sight for long. His obsession by them is very noticeable in "The Dream Play" itself—in that scene, for instance, in which the Lawyer and the Daughter of Indra having married, the Lawyer begins to complain of the untidiness of their home, and the Daughter to complain of the dirt:

"THE DAUGHTER. This is worse than I dreamed!

"THE LAWYER. We are not the worst off by far. There is still food in the pot.

"THE DAUGHTER. But what sort of food?"
 "THE LAWYER. Cabbage is cheap, nourishing, and good to eat."
 "THE DAUGHTER. For those who like cabbage—to me it is repulsive."
 "THE LAWYER. Why didn't you say so?"
 "THE DAUGHTER. Because I loved you. I wanted to sacrifice my own taste."
 "THE LAWYER. Then I must sacrifice my taste for cabbage to you—for sacrifices must be mutual."
 "THE DAUGHTER. What are we to eat, then? Fish? But you hate fish?"
 "THE LAWYER. And it is expensive."
 "THE DAUGHTER. This is worse than I thought it!"
 "THE LAWYER (*kindly*). Yes, you see how hard it is."

And the symbolic representation of married life in terms of fish and cabbage is taken up again a little later:

"THE DAUGHTER. I fear I shall begin to hate you after this!"
 "THE LAWYER. Woe to us, then! But let us forestall hatred. I promise never again to speak of any untidiness—although it is torture to me!"
 "THE DAUGHTER. And I shall eat cabbage, though it means agony to me."
 "THE LAWYER. A life of common suffering, then! One's pleasure the other one's pain."

One feels that, however true to nature the drift of this may be, it is little more than bacilli of truth seen immensely through a microscope. The agonies and tortures arising from eating cabbage and such things may, no doubt, have tragic consequences enough, but somehow the men whom these things put on the rack refuse to come to life in the imagination on the same tragic plane where Prometheus lies on his crag and Edipus strikes out his eyes that they may no longer look upon shame. Strindberg is too anxious to make tragedy out of discomforts instead of out of sorrows. When he is denouncing woman as a creature who loves above all things to deceive her husband, his supreme way of expressing his bitterness is to declare: "If she can trick him into eating horse-flesh without noticing it, she is happy." Here, and in a score of similar passages, we can see how physical were the demons that endlessly consumed Strindberg's peace of mind.

His attitude to women, as we find it expressed in "The Confession of a Fool," "The Dance of Death," and all through his work, is that of a man overwhelmed with the physical. He raves now with lust, now with disgust—two aspects of the same mood. He turns from love to hatred with a change of front as swift as a drunkard's. He is the Mad Mullah of all the sex-antagonism that has ever troubled men since they began to think of woman, not as an equal, but as a temptress. He was the most enthusiastic modern exponent of the point-of-view of that Adam who explained: "The woman tempted me." Strindberg deliberately wrote those words on his banner and held them aloft to his generation as the summary of an eternal gospel. Miss Lind-af-Hageby tells us that, at one period of his life, he was sufficiently free from the physical obsessions of sex to preach the equality of men and women and even to herald the coming of woman suffrage. But his abiding view of woman was that of the plain man of the nineteenth century. He must either be praising her as a ministering angel or denouncing her as a ministering devil—preferably the latter. It would be nonsense, however, to pretend that Strindberg did not see at least one class of women clearly and truly. The accuracy with which he portrays woman the parasite, the man-eater, the siren, is quite terrible. No writer of his day was so shudderingly conscious of every gesture, movement, and intonation with which the spider-woman sets out to lure the mate she is going to devour. It may be that he prophesies against the sins of women rather than subtly analyses and describes them as a better artist would have done. "The Confession of a Fool" is less a revelation of the soul of his first wife than an attack on her. But we must, in fairness to Strindberg, remember that in his violences against women he merely gives us a new rendering of an indictment that goes back beyond the beginning of history. The world to him was a long lane of ogings, down which man must fly in terror with his eyes shut and his ears covered. His foolishness as a prophet consists, not in his suspicions of woman regarded as an animal, but in his frothing at the mouth at the idea that she should claim to be treated as something higher than an animal. None the less, he denied to the end that he was a woman-hater.

His denial, however, was as grimly unflattering as a misogynist could desire:

"I have said that the child is a little criminal, incapable of self-guidance, but I love children all the same. I have said that woman is—what she is, but I have always loved some woman, and been a father. Whoever, therefore, calls me a woman-hater is a blockhead, a liar, or a noodle. Or all three together."

Sex, of course, was the greatest cross Strindberg had to bear. But there were hundreds of other little changing crosses, from persecution mania to poverty, which supplanted each other from day to day on his back. He suffered continually both from the way he was made and from the way the world was made. His novels and plays are a literature of suffering. He reveals himself there as a man pursued by furies, a man without rest. He flies to a thousand distractions and hiding-places—drink and lust and piano-playing, Chinese and chemistry, painting and acting, alchemy and poison and religion. Some of these, no doubt, he honestly turns to for a living. But in his rush from one thing to another he shows the restlessness of a man goaded to madness. Not that his life is to be regarded as entirely miserable. He obviously gets a good deal of pleasure even out of his acutest pain. "I find the joy of life in its violent and cruel struggles," he tells us in the preface to "Miss Julia," "and my pleasure lies in knowing something and learning something." He is always beset by the greed of knowledge—a phase of his greed of domination. It is this that enables him to turn his inferno into a purgatory.

In his later period, indeed, he is always optimist enough to believe that the sufferings of life cleanse and ennoble. By tortuous ways of sin he at last achieves the simple faith of a Christian. The truth is, he originally revolted from this faith more through irritation than from principle. One feels that, with happier nerves and a happier environment, he might easily have passed his boyhood as the model pupil in the Sunday-school. It is significant that we find him in "The Confession of a Fool" reciting Longfellow's "Excelsior" to the first and worst of his wives. Strindberg may have been possessed of a devil; he undoubtedly liked to play the part of a devil; but at heart he was constantly returning to the Longfellow sentiment, though, of course, his hungry intellectual curiosity was something that Longfellow never knew. In the volume of fables recently translated—"In Midsummer Days"—we see how essentially good and simple were his ideas when he could rid himself of sex mania and persecution mania. Probably his love of children always kept him more or less in chains to virtue. Ultimately he yielded himself a victim, not to the furies, but to the still more remorseless pursuit of the Hound of Heaven. On his death-bed, Miss Lind tells us, he held up the Bible and said: "This alone is right." Through his works, however, he serves virtue best, not by directly praising it, but by his eagerly earnest account of the madness of the seven deadly sins, to say nothing of the seventy-seven deadly irritations. He has not the originality of fancy or imagination to paint virtue well. His genius was the genius of frank and destructive criticism rather than the genius of creation. His work is a jumble of ideas and an autobiography of raw nerves rather than the revelation of a populous world of men and women. His lasting glory, however, is that his autobiography is true as far as the power of truth was in him. His pilgrim's progress through madness to salvation is neither a pretty nor a sensational lie. It is a genuine document. That is why, badly constructed though his plays and novels are, they have a fair chance of immortality. As a writer of personal literature, he was indeed one of the boldest and most original men of his time.

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the label, "The Real So-and-So," have a look of advertisement that is apt to warn off the serious student.

Mr. Charles Tennyson is so far justified in his title that he evidently did live in a Cambridge college, and does or did know the life of it, as far as he touched it—"does or did," for it is strange how the place changes, and how obsolete a man's knowledge of it can become in a decade or two of absence—even of residence, sometimes. One thing borne in on the reader of the volume before us is how little one man really knows of another's college. Mr. Tennyson divides Cambridge into Trinity and "the other colleges"; and the latter severally into two sets, the exclusive and the excluded—owning that he borrowed the phrase. (He might more briefly have called them "the best and the rest," if he was to borrow.) Trinity, he tells us, is divided into many sections. Now, in a sort of way, all this may be true, and a man may know the general repute of another college than his own, and this general repute may be largely warranted by facts, and yet the facts on which it rests may be old facts, matters of ten years ago, while a new life moves in the college itself, of which the outside world at large knows nothing. This caution has to be borne in mind whenever we read of the life of a body federated of so many changing organisms as Cambridge or Oxford.

Mr. Tennyson has his facts to go upon, and he uses them for popular purposes pretty well. People and places are easily recognisable in his pages, and some of the portraits are striking, notably that of Walter Headlam. But Mr. Tennyson has his eye on his audience a little too much. Most of the writing about Cambridge is done (one guesses) by undergraduates and ladies—in general, by people who do not wholly trust their material, and are anxious to capture their readers by something other than the inherent interest of their subject. The result is a sort of deliberate brilliance, and this Mr. Tennyson does not escape. He over-colors.

For instance, in Chapter IX. we drop in to an undergraduate party in the rooms of the "Universal Host"—hesitating because we "think with discomfort of the copy of Iambics (now three days overdue) waiting on our table." Of course, "three days overdue," that is an obvious effect; many people have them done regularly on the right day, but that would be dull. "The clink of a syphon on a tumbler rim, and a chuckling laugh, decide us." So we go in, and find our host, drawn full length. "He reads occasionally . . . erratically . . . makes a fetish of one or two subjects. He has a small library on the Duke of Wellington . . . ecclesiastical vestments, though in other matters ecclesiastical he takes not the faintest interest . . ." and so on, exactly in the style of the lady novelist. Heroes are never regular with anything; everything is spasm, brilliance, cleverness, patch, and pathos. So it is with the rest of the company. Is it Cambridge from within? No, if another Cambridge man may venture a duller verdict, it is not; we are more normal, less brilliant, and much less interesting to a fugitive public. Mr. Tennyson's dons are also touched in the same *ad populum* style, and must be. Cambridge people do not want to read about themselves, any more than Sea Dyaks want to read "The Golden Bough"; and outsiders would yawn. The don of fiction does better, with some special portraits, say, of Headlam, "the O.B.," and others, who were not quite like the rest of the dons.

It is curious, at first sight, that two of the best books about Cambridge life were written by Americans, and yet not curious. Bristed and Everett had not to contend with Mr. Tennyson's hard conditions. They wrote for University people and others interested in a sister civilisation. They could be intensely serious; they did not need to be brilliant; their subject was unfamiliar and interesting, and they wrote books that, after a generation, are documents and full of real life for Cambridge men of to-day. Gunning, again, was, of course, a don, and lived in a period when Cambridge was much smaller, more compact, and much more remote from the world; and dons know Cambridge best, though that is not generally believed. Even so, Gunning, like Mr. Tennyson, misses much. Gunning mostly ignores people of serious purpose and value, and Mr. Tennyson seems unaware, for instance, of the religious life, very strong in Cambridge. That Mr. Tennyson is readable we admit, and brilliant—even flashy; but it is not quite the University he draws.

THE FIRST BROAD CHURCHMAN.

"Schleiermacher: A Critical and Historical Study." By W. B. SELBIE, M.A., D.D. (Chapman & Hall.)

In the "Mansfield College Essays" Mr. T. M. Watt calls attention to Schleiermacher's insistence on the note of experience in religion. In the confessional period this note was novel; and it is because Schleiermacher struck it that he has been called the founder of modern theology. "He was the prophet of feeling, as Kant had been of ethical religion, and Hegel of the intellectuality of faith." His works, which fill thirty volumes, are too colossal for the modern reader; the antediluvians had time for such studies; the limitations of later life stand in their way. But the Principal of Mansfield does well to present us with an appreciation of a thinker whose influence, so far from declining, is on the increase in the Churches. His place in the movement of religious thought is assured:—

"If the work of theological reconstruction is to be well done, it must be rooted and grounded in history. For this purpose Schleiermacher is all-important. He represents the beginnings of the new method and the new spirit. At the present time doctrinal theology seems to have fallen into undeserved neglect. Criticism and history, indispensable as they are, cannot cover the whole field, and do not fulfil their function, save as they lead to some constructive endeavor. In this respect Schleiermacher not only offers a splendid example, but even lays down many of the lines along which the new effort must proceed."

The Moravian influence on him was lasting; the later problem was to reconcile the personal religious experience found under their training with the critical philosophy which subsequently won his intellectual assent. His solution made him the first Broad Churchman. He refused to throw over either religion or criticism; he mediated between the two. The "private troubles" on which Mr. Selbie touches—an unfortunate affection for a married woman—left a lasting mark on his development, taking him below the surface of life. It is not fanciful to see in this baptism of fire the secret of his universal claim of human nature for religion. Nothing was excluded; nothing common or unclear. The "Reden" showed the relation of religion to every great thing in civilisation, its affinity with art, its common quality with poetry, its identity with all profound activities of the soul. These are all religion, though their votaries know it not: life as a whole mirrors God.

His theology was "built up on or evolved from the Christian selfconsciousness." It has been said of him—

"that he was, above all things, a *Vermittler*. The characterisation is true in so far as it means that he is always conscious of antitheses, and always aiming at harmonies. This belongs as much to his temperament as to his method, and was not without influence on the general course of his thought."

It is, perhaps, in his treatment of the nature of the Divine Personality, that the characteristic qualities of his thinking are most clearly seen. More than any other this unhappily worded conception has introduced confusion into religion: it is difficult either to affirm or to deny it without bringing in by a side-wind notes which are self-contradictory, and in the literal sense of the word impertinent—irrelevant, that is to say, to the matter in hand.

"As it is so difficult to think of a personality as at once truly infinite and capable of suffering, a great distinction should be drawn between a personal God and a living God. The latter idea alone distinguishes from materialistic pantheism and atheistic blind necessity. Within that limit any further wavering in respect of personality must be left to the representative imagination and the dialectic conscience, and, when the pious sense exists, they will guard each other."

It is doubtful whether, at least in our time, English theology will accept, or even understand, this position. But it is certain that, till it does so, it will fail either to take rank as a science or to meet the demands of the mind and heart of the time. It is to this spirituality of conception, and the no less marked spirituality of temper, by which Schleiermacher's writings are characterised, that he owes his unexhausted power and freshness. To him, more than to any other theologian of his own or of our generation, *Pectus facit theologum*, applies.

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"THE INCESSANT SOUL."

"The Everlasting Search." By CECIL DUNCAN-JONES.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THERE can be no question that in Mr. Cecil Duncan-Jones a writer of high distinction and originality is to be welcomed to the world of letters. This book—his first—arrests and enchains attention, not by the "story," for there is as little as may be of that, but by the exquisite quality of mind and feeling which informs the whole. Though very reticent in its accost, the slightly too-precious manner is yet among the most revealing that we have encountered; the author's personality seems stamped on every page—we have seldom, indeed, been aware of a more direct communication from one mind to others. But though the core of the matter is this sense of spiritual beauty, let us not convey thereby a notion that the book is over-serious, "strained," "depressing," or any of the odd adjectival apprehensions which, in some minds, seem inevitably to follow upon a hearing of the word *beauty*. Grave it is, despite much brilliant wit; sad, despite a most attractive, flickering sense of fun, which works apart from, though side by side with, a deeper and more constant sense of the irony of things, beating dull upon the "incessant soul," to take from Emerson a phrase which would have made a fitting title. But the gravity and the sadness are so innate, so woven in, so completely of the texture, that one could imagine a novel-reader, vehemently averse from such conditions, who should never be incommoded by their presence here, but, seeking only amusement, should unfailingly be amused—so full of pungency and brilliancy, so alert, perceptive, malicious (in the French sense) are the character-drawing and the treatment of the externalities which show the figures forth.

But that reader, we confess, *would* now and again be incommoded by the over-precious manner. Here is the flaw in the jewel; we make confident prophecy, however, that, unlike the lapidary's, this defect will not be permanent, but will grow ever less and less pronounced, until at last it wholly disappears. Mr. Duncan-Jones will come of his own accord (for we hazard a guess that we reviewers shall not sway him!) to see that inversion, for example, is not a beauty, but a trick—and a poor trick—of style. "Needed he her, his she was." In his third or fourth book, he will not even feel the desire to set down so perverse a form of language. This is so certain that we shall waste no more words on it, nor give any other instances of such departure from a fine style. The story is that of a young girl wooed for her money, won by her love, and then, made aware of the injury thus done to himself by her lover, rejecting him, content to suffer that he may not be finally base. They draw together again, for he learns that he cannot do without her: "Nothing else matters—not like that"; but in the midst of their recaptured happiness, he is drowned by an aeroplane accident in his great exhibition flight across channel. That is all; but round the slender, sufficient story gather the shrewdly yet so sympathetically treated figures, the delightful fun and humor, the delicate irony, which, remarkable as they are, must nevertheless be reckoned among the minor virtues of a book whose brooding tenderness and insight, whose grave and gentle, yet forceful and uplifting, spirituality make it memorable in our reading, and (we can answer for ourselves, and dare to predict for many others) in our thoughts and lives as well.

Frank Bruce-Goring, the lover of Margery Brune, is shown to us in all the "adorable swagger" which "conquered, by its implicit unconsciousness, all along the line," and the vivid little scenes in his rooms (frequently repeated) when, all alone, he struggles with moods of every kind, are not only full of insight, but exhilaratingly fresh and amusing. We are introduced to him in bed, half-awake, and "aware that all was not well. . . . Something had happened, appalling and irrevocable, which he could not, for the life of him, recollect." He was engaged to be married—that was it. "Everything seemed much as usual"—even to the letter with a "wide scrawl of direction" which was from "Amy," and bade him "give her tea to-morrow. The Carlton would do. . . ." But, first, he must call for Margery and take her to the Park; so he gets up. His bath is ready: "He could hear the man coming to say so, and say so he would, in the same even tones, whether he found his master awake, asleep, or standing on his head." The bath is taken,

with "singing and much splashing"; self-satisfaction is restored, and "certainly it was a most confident and exquisite young man who at last emerged, slim in his morning coat and lustrous hat, into the glittering speed of Piccadilly." The way in which this "confident and exquisite young man" persists through the many moods and vicissitudes of Frank Bruce-Goring gives the presentment its peculiar vividness. Just so, we are aware, and only so, would he have shown himself to us; and that we happen to know all about this one adds a charm to each actual encounter with a similar figure. . . . Surely this is one of the great offices of art, for to realise that the surface is the surface takes us long and long, might take us all our lives were art not by to help us. So, in this book, with the girl, Margery Brune; so, still more notably, with Amy Ritchie; so, indeed, with every creature in it: the seeing eye, the searching heart, the speaking voice, have made and unmade for us appearances, so that looking we discern, and—farther step on the way—having once discerned, shall thenceforth look.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Adventures of a Newspaper Man." By FRANK DILNOT. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

MR. DILNOT, to judge from his book, is a warm admirer and a competent practitioner of the new journalism. Three and a half years as a local reporter led him to the staff of the Central News Agency, from whence he emerged to the offices of the "Daily Mail"—he has much to say about Lord Northcliffe's personality and activities—and then, by an abrupt transition to the editorial chair of the "Daily Citizen." His adventures include the tracking of ghosts in Wales, the squiring of two dozen girls from Ohio, who were on a visit to this country, attendance at Irish elections, criminal trials, the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and the battle of Sidney Street. On the occasion last mentioned, Mr. Dilnot's walking-stick received a slight wound, but otherwise his adventures seem to have left him unscathed. He has at all events preserved his good humor, and writes gaily of his many journalistic experiences, even of a famous hoax regarding "the happenings at one of our old universities" of which he was the victim. He gives many details and anecdotes of his life as a reporter, and these will be read with interest by newspaper men and aspirants to the career.

"The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century." By E. S. ROSCOE. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROSCOE, acting upon the late Sir Leslie Stephen's hint, has attempted "to systematise the materials which are already in existence" for the study of the eighteenth century, and to present to the reader some of the more important and characteristic aspects of England during the period. He begins with rather full descriptions of the life of London, Bath, and Liverpool, and then proceeds to an account of the nobility, the middle class, the men of the industrial revolution, the country clergy, the peasant, and other typical groups, not forgetting the woman of letters who first made firm footing in the days of Fanny Burney, Anna Seward, and Mrs. Carter. It will be seen that Mr. Roscoe covers a very wide field, and, in fact, he has not aimed at more than a sketch of the leading characteristics of each section of eighteenth-century life and society. He has succeeded in writing a series of essays which form a useful companion to the political and literary histories of the period.

"The Romance of the Rothschilds." By IGNATIUS BALLA. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

FINANCE, if not usually a romantic theme, is, at any rate, one of wide interest, and a careful history of the great financial family of the Rothschilds would be a distinctly useful piece of work. Unfortunately, this is not what Herr Balla gives us. His book contains sketches of some of the members of the family, accounts of a few remarkable financial strokes, and anecdotes that have passed into the Rothschild legend, though many of them have often been contradicted. Herr Balla's readers can, however, glean some notions of the financial policy of the family. To lend to States rather than individuals or corporations, to deal with

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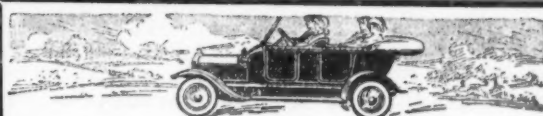
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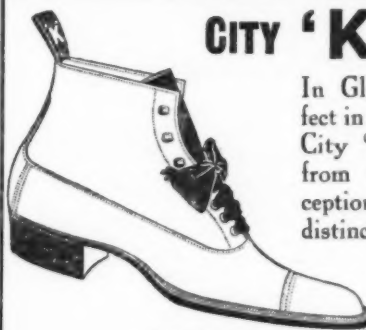
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* * *

"Jesus of Nazareth: A Poetical Drama in Seven Scenes."
By ALEXANDER VON HERDER. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

THE poetic drama and the philosophic long poem are as fashionable at the dawn of this century as they were at the dawn of the last, though far inferior in poetic qualities. It does not look, for instance, as if Mr. von Herder's poetic kaleidoscope rather than drama (for it is a procession of disconnected scenes more than a continuous and interdependent action) is very typical. The poem claims to recast the gospel narratives "in a form consonant with the ideas resulting from the modern conception of the universe." Here is no subservience to traditional modes of thought, and here is a promise of pregnant interest; but as a matter of fact, the drama itself is as innocent of heresy as the Archbishop of Canterbury. The events leading to the Crucifixion are naturally compressed and rehandled to suit the dramatic exigencies, and the divinity of Christ is not elaborately insisted on. Otherwise, the orthodox have no cause for complaint. The cardinal blemish of the poem is its lack of form. It is a derelict affair, and the crude, unrhymed, perennally shifting metres do not help its stability. The characterisation is of the most meagre, and Christ but a needy and pompous orator. The best, indeed, that can be said of it is that it possesses a sense of color, movement, and pageantry.

The Week in the City.

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THE dullness on the Stock Exchange continues, and prices are still shrinking under the pressure of new issues. The Chinese Loan was so cheap that it went off well in London, and when speculators in Berlin saw this, they recovered their spirits and subscribed at the last moment, when the loan—so far as Berlin was concerned—had already been declared a failure. But other new issues—including the Royal Mail Steam Company's offer, the Great Northern Railway, and the City of Victoria (British Columbia) 4½ per cent. issue—have fallen mainly into the hands of the underwriters. There has been renewed weakness in the Canadian and Yankee Markets, and the news that the St. Louis and the San Francisco Railroad has gone into the hands of a receiver will add to the melancholy of Wall Street. Brazil railways fell to 65 on Thursday, and the new Brazil Loan stood at 2 discount. On the other hand, the new guaranteed Russian Railway Loan is reported to have been a success. There has been heavy selling in the Marconi Market, and the shares, which went above 9 last year, have now sunk, after a sharp relapse on Thursday, to 3 3-16. Of course, it may be that we are on the point of recovery if the peace with Turkey is signed and the Balkan Allies can be prevented from cutting one another's throats. The Bank Return is fairly satis-

factory, but discounts are firm as the end of the month approaches.

WALL STREET WEAKNESS.

THE incident of this week has not assisted the American Market to shake off the dullness which for so long has been ascribed to the uncertainty and lack of interest. The item of interest was the announcement of a receivership for the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, which up to three years ago was a subsidiary of the Rock Island Company. None of the company's stock is held over here, but two issues of its bonds have been offered at different times to English and Continental investors. The receivership, it is stated, has been rendered necessary by the inability of the company to meet \$2,250,000 of maturing obligations—5 per cent. short term notes; and, apart from the incident itself, Wall Street fears that this is not the first of the difficulties likely to ensue as the result of the "short term" method of finance. The bonds of the railway of most interest to European investors are the Four per Cent. General Lien and Five per Cent. General Lien issues. Both are first mortgages on certain parts of the system, but as regards their General Lien the Four per Cent. loan ranks first. The Company is so badly weighted with fixed charges that it seems probable an attempt may be made to scale down the debt to some extent. There is no apparent reason why it should be done, as the Company has paid its bond interest up to now, but it is confronted with increasing deficits on subsidiary lines. The Four per Cent. Bonds, however, ought to be safe enough, and as their price has fallen to 70, at which price they yield 5½ per cent. (not including redemption in 1951) they might prove a remunerative purchase to the investor on the look-out for a mild speculation.

THE FOREIGN RAILWAY MARKET.

IT is not surprising that Investment Markets generally are stagnant, but few of the excuses advanced for Consols, and other first-class securities, hold good in the case of foreign rails, on which the yields are at least as good as on the new securities offering in such numbers. In particular, the reason for the disfavor into which the Argentine railway section has fallen is hard to discover. Most of the lines—the Central and Southern most certainly—will end their years with enormous increases in gross receipts. The Western will have a fair result; only the Pacific, of the four big lines, may disappoint the market. Yet Great Southern have been dull, and Centrals by no means firm; possibly because it is frankly acknowledged that the good results are compared with bad ones last year, and the Great Southern, for the next four weeks, has to make comparisons with the period in which practically all its last year's increase was gained. Even granting that this is so, however, Great Southern yield about 5½ per cent., and Centrals about the same. Perhaps the dullness is due to a slight decrease of confidence in South America, and only time can show whether this is justified. The markets for her staple products are likely to remain good, and the country's prosperity is likely to be maintained. But there may be some ground for the opinion that the railways have seen the zenith of their prosperity, and that Government measures will prevent them from paying more than 7 per cent. dividend in the future. The Ordinary stocks certainly seem to offer few attractions, either to the investor or the speculator. Some of the Preferences, however, have fallen to levels which ought to make them attractive. The Pacific Second Preference gives over 5 per cent., and so does Argentine Great Western Ordinary which is a better stock. Central Preference gives 4½ per cent., with ample security, and Entre Rios First Preference gives 5½ per cent. Some of the Cordoba Central stocks give good returns, but their status is not yet very certain. They are under the same control as the Brazil Railway, whose stocks have been rather weak lately on rumors that Mr. Farquhar's ambitious scheme is meeting with some difficulties in the matter of completing its financing. Leopoldina Preference gives just over 5 per cent., which is very fair on the basis of the latest report; but the Preferences of the Mexican Railway give 5½ and 6 per cent. respectively, and are rather tempting, if only on the ground that disturbance cannot last for ever in a country of proved natural resources.

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